



Ladyhawk's
Life
A MEMOIR

EVA A. LADYHAWK
WRIGHT

LADYHAWK'S
LIFE

by

EVA
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WRIGHT

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by Eva Ladyhawk Wright

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DEDICATION

This book is lovingly dedicated to my Mother Lela who has always been my shining star!

Mom, you are both my source of strength and my source of hope. You have loved me and have always encouraged me to follow my dreams, even during the times when I lost sight of them. Thank You so much for everything that you have done for me. I Love You.

To my Daughter Little Fawn/ Alexa who is my special gift from God and my little Mini-Me. *I Love You so much..*

To my family in Zephyrhills and in Brownsville, and to my dearest friends. Thank you for being there for me and keeping me writing, even during the bad times and the times that I wanted to give up.

To the memory of and for my fondest literary affections for Victor Hugo, Jane Austen, Rumi, Tagore, and Hafiz.

Thank you for giving romanticists the hope and faith that love really does exist and it is accessible to everyone.

Even me.

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Life isn't about the many people telling you that you can't do something. It is about the few people in your life that tell you and prove to you that you can do it.
~Eva Wright 2013

In the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Ninety Five it began.

When a young lady of more beauty than means with her share of love decides to settle down she understandably expects that things will naturally go her way. Or at least turn out for the best.

And it is generally observed that once she says to him “I Do”, that he says it as well and means it when he says these words to her.

But come twenty years later and still no “I Do” then it is her choice to walk away freely with no further ill will toward her betrothed.

Love isn't about failure. It is about love.

From that day forward those words “I Do” are either a blessing or a curse depending upon how the circumstances play out for the intendeds to be.

Sometimes in life miracles happen. Sometimes in life heartbreak happens. We love and we hurt. Sometimes in life we are the ones that must do the changing in order for life to happen. All of these are holy encounters that happen for a reason. All of these experiences are necessary for us to grow spiritually.

I've learned that love, not time, heals all wounds.
~Andy Rooney.

Let it be also universally acknowledged that when a young man in his prime asks a woman for her hand in matrimony, and she says yes that good tidings from the universe will be bestowed upon her in trumpet loads.

Some simple logistics before you delve much further, first of all this isn't a celebrity blog. As many people have said to me before that "I am nobody special". However I beg to differ as it is only a matter of opinion. There is something special and amazing inside of every heroine. There has to be. Or else our stories would remain silent forever and our hearts and our love would be long forgotten as things never mentioned in history again. Lovers are the biggest part of every history book. Look for yourself.

I have given up. I am walking away from my own twenty year love story. It isn't a love story where everything is coming up roses for us. In fact I wish it were one of those bodice ripping love-struck reads. If it were it wouldn't start out so dark and gloomy and I wouldn't be crying my mascara off right now.

This is a story of love and of loss. And a down and dirty Southern woman's rantings and triads so consider this your warning label of what's to follow. I'm too old now to worry about any of this because it happened before my family arrived but in my forty-five years of life I have loved with all of my heart and it was enough for me.

Mitch being my first real teen love shaped my ideals of what I thought love should be, asked me if I was going to fight her for him. I looked at him blankly. Nah. I think I'll pass this time. I'm dead tired of proving my love for him over and over again.

All women come to this point at some time or another in their life. You just run out of relationship *gas*. Twenty years in the same attitude about wanting a marriage but not getting one and no children wears any patient woman right down to the bone.

I want children and he doesn't. It is that simple. I want a genetic bloodline to pass down and he wants vacations in Mexico.

Some decisions that we make hurt us far longer than they should but we have each made our peace with that. His mother runs his life for him but she's not going to run mine.

The truth is I have been fighting for him for over twenty years now, he just couldn't see it, each time she had a different face, or name. Nope, my fighting days are over. I love him but have to let him and his family go in order to find my own sanity.

There are some things in life a woman never gets over. Such as: Being put down by the man she loves. Feeling fat or ugly because of the man she loves insulting her. Losing, (being forced/coerced) into give up a child while still young. Being told that she has Cancer. Being told he wants someone other than her. I have experienced most of these. And I overcame it.

I was lucky to find myself again after such a long and tiring relationship that focused only on him and his mother's needs, because after such a bad time of it.

Some women lose their health, their looks, and most often their minds. I am one of the lucky ones, I got out before it was too late to lose mine. No man on this earth is worth losing your mind over. Period!

For the last couple of months, I have been spending every waking moment at a local campground about ten miles or so away from where we live re-learning about life on Turtle Island. It resonates with me completely. Learning about healing others and about nature.

She....is his good friend's wife. I saw it coming from a distance like a train wreck but by the time it arrived I was safely out of the way..

We had just gotten a house together, so we should have both be on our best behavior. I was praying that nothing could screw us up. But as soon as I saw her face light up I knew trouble was coming for us again.

I preferred to stay out of it this time and let him and his ship sink. I went with my Native Elders. My father's people. This place is perfect for me. Watching the clouds pass me by. It is my own personal heaven. There are always two sides to every story and this is my story. He told everyone we know that I ran off with someone else. Truth is he had left long before that lie.

I am learning a lot about myself and about my Native American roots from a Cherokee Medicine clan..

Mitch's mother came over and asked me why I washed all of our red stuff at the same time. After twenty years of her jive talk toward me I had enough and I lit up on her like a firecracker. It felt so good to finally have my say with her. *That was all it took.* I had my own place before the sun hit the evening sky that night and I walked away from our twenty years together.

I moved into an apartment that night and now I am trying this thing alone. I did what any girl who's father told her to believe in love, fairy tales, happy endings and tooth fairies when he read her bedtime stories every night.

I had faith in love and got burned out. Sure, I tried to make it work with someone else but again my expectations failed when he was more obsessed with himself than Mitch was with his mother.

So now, much later, there is a guy I like and we met at a Restaurant that we work at, both of us filled with a happiness for food; cooking it, and eating it so we were in pure heaven.

Love and food. The two had a way of going together. Kind of like Spaghetti and meatballs.
Positive energy is flowing all around us there.

His family is prominently from the Welsh Marshes and my lot hales from nearby Chester England.

We also have a lot of other things in common besides our ancestral home lands. Like literature and writing. Computers and animals. And both of us being the black sheep of the family.

Our Mother's hesitantly warn us about the rigors and dangers and pitfalls of love and why we shouldn't do it at all since we have both been burned before.

Uncultivated love is the worst kind of love that there is. Far worse even than to have loved and then lost. Pity on it then for lovers to not have tried again after loving wrongly the first time.

I am filled with a new sense of curiosity and hope and bursting with whole new possibilities about the life that I want to create for myself by starting over.

Did you know, after driving almost thirteen hours here I am.

Bent and broken, and slightly jet lagged.

My arrival at Grannies in the heart of the Bible Belt where time stands still. Yep. Good ole Dixie.

No really though. Time is standing still. The hands of my watch haven't moved in a coon's age. I tapped on it once, twice, thrice and still nothing happened. Maybe it is broken. I don't know for sure. The trip was astronomical. Just shoot me now. Too tired to cry.

As Emily Bronte would say this is a misanthropists heaven. It feels like I ran away and joined the circus.

I can barely move. My *everything* hurts. I am feeling some major pains and doubts right now.

Had I not just got out of the moving van I would turn right around and drive the Thirteen hours right through the time/space continuum back to the Sunshine State.

I don't know how many times we got lost and have never uncomfortably ate so much fast food in my entire life. I have gained ten pounds from all of that pizza but the mountains were breathtaking! So worth the trip.

Just as I remembered them from my childhood and they couldn't have been lovelier this time of year. Everything was in bloom. The sun was a different kind of hot here. More lethal than Florida summers.

More balmy and humid than down south and hotter than the Serengeti. Water flowed down from out of the rocks and the grass was a lush green carpet that made me want to run my bare feet through it.

Maybe it was just a mirage. Not sure anymore. Beauty can't really describe it.

This is surreal. Like the Twilight Zone. Or a black hole in outer space.

People here in the Bible belt don't really warm up to strangers all that much. What on earth has happened to my beloved hometown? And who the heck allowed it to get like this? So far it seems to have been taken over by wannabe gangsters, thugs, and busybodies that can't mind their own darn business.

Honestly, I don't know which is worse at this point. The loud music blaring all night or the lady across the street trying to peek in our windows when we're not expecting her to.

Within two hours of us being here, not even unpacked yet, and still clearly sea sick and disoriented from the time changes, the elderly lady across the street began making trouble for us.

She has a cynical yet matriarchal presence combined with a brilliant touch of nosiness. I wondered if people here really ever saw through her cruel sense of friendliness.

Like a cat that lets you pet it then it scratches you from behind on your leg or bites you as you walk away from it.

Communication. When I think of the Law of Attraction I think of communication and understanding. I think of willingness and interacting with others in a positive manner. I also think of co-creating with friends in a positive way.

I want positive things to happen for me in my new life but what about when someone sending negative energy, thoughts, words, and bad juju vibrations my way? There are all kinds of witches that send out witchcraft vibes to innocent people all over the world. I need to find out..which kind is she?

What do you do when you know you can't turn back but still long for some sense of familiarity and normality of home and of real friends? This can't be where I grew up. Casting call now for zombies, ably played out by the locals. Maybe we should have stayed in Tampa? How bad could It have been there anyway?

I can only handle so much contrast in so little time. I want to be the sole creator of my life and not spend every day defending myself to total strangers like this.

If I wanted to fight I could have stayed behind and dealt with that worthless drama. If I go back there, I would have to give up myself, my writing, and my pets. And I can't do that. Not for anyone ever again.

Oh honey. So far all I am seeing are scenes from Children of the Corn. That movie and the people in it really freaked me out. Gave me nightmares for weeks after seeing it. So for now I am stuck in this circle of negativity. Like a bad haiku poem. Of course I am used to gossip and rumors being spread about me but this is a whole different angle of non-truth-isms on it.

Did I mention the house? A picture is not really worth a thousand words when the picture is more than thirty years old. The house should be condemned. It had a sign on it of this effect when I got here. Poor Grannie. How did she live like this? No wonder she wanted to always live with us in Florida. It is a rat, snake, and termite trap. If I don't get eaten by them while staying here I will be lucky. This may be a cry for help in need of intervention. Mayday Mayday I have to save myself from this place.

You would have to be a saint to live in this place. This state brings back some wonky memories for me.

My stomach still gurgled and rattled from the fast food overload and from motion sickness from the trip.

The floors are caving through, the windows are broken by vagrants and neighborhood street urchins. One of the windows is so rotted that it won't even open at all. Termites are flying out of the entire side of the house where there must be a nest of them.

The trees are overgrown and unkempt, in which one of them is successfully trying to grow through the tattered front porch, the grass hasn't been mowed most likely since Jesus walked to Jerusalem.

I am certain that there is some *thing* is living under the porch. I see eyes moving whenever I walk by and peek down there. Could be a cat, or a Sasquatch. Just to get through the front door it will cost at least Ten thousand dollars.

Work. Don't worry about digging your well. Don't think about getting off from work. Water is there somewhere. ~Rumi.

Oh my aching Visa. It hurts so bad. It needs CPR.

I quickly tallied up all of expenses in my head to repair Granny's house just to make it livable for *now*. Tossing and turning around invisible figures like a mathematician.

A new porch, all new plumbing completely from the house to the road, new corner supports under the house, new window frames, all new electrical wiring, as well as plumbing under the house and all the way to the road, and new doors. My Visa gold card tried to run away from home this morning.

I don't blame it one bit. *Get back here you naughty thing!* I am looking at close to Ten Thousand dollars just to get through the front door. I'm sure burning it down might be a bit cheaper but not likely. The weather is nice and the sun is bright. There is not even a cloud in the sky.

I will begin my chore of painting the inside of the house tomorrow. I hated the wallpaper that was almost a hundred years old so I took it down. Even scarier underneath the wallpaper was tattered walls with shoddy wood. Clearly I need a paint gun to make the process go faster and smoother. I have already gotten the living room done and I am exhausted. I need some cheese with my whine. Let me go get some.

Wish we could have done the whole trip sans cats and dogs so we could have pulled over to sight see and to take some pictures. Oh well. here we are at Grannies.

I still can't believe it. Can you say it is like the blind leading the blind here? Just to be sure the lady across the street doesn't burn a cross in the front yard we stayed up all night long fencing the yard to keep her and anybody else out that wants trouble.

I have never been one to stand out in the front yard and gossip about neighbors so this whole town is going to take some getting used to. I don't like gossip one bit.

Pure love and Gratitude assure me that I'm going to make it here in spite of everything going wrong. In fact, I could be on a plane to New York right now working on my acting career. I already had the flight booked and all of the itinerary information from my modeling Agency. I got my big break at a Baywatch Audition in Clearwater Florida and then let it slip through my fingers for Grannies place. \$500 per picture. Look at me now. All covered in cobwebs, pet hair, attic dust, and *love*.

I am not really used to making critical life changing decisions on a whim. It is not me. Just a thought. I am attracted to men that like sports, and outdoors, and camping. Jackson doesn't like any of these. In my fear torn moment of deliverance, I prayed silently that this relationship wasn't going to be like the last where he put himself (and his mother) above everyone else.

It can't be. I can't take another Mitch. His likes and needs always being more important than mine. Her scheduling always took presidency over ours. A woman could only yield so much without finally breaking in half like a twig.

I prefer a free and easy schedule where I am not pressured or bullied into going places where I don't necessarily want to go. Especially with people I don't like. I have a new day planner and desk calendar. I turn on some drumming music and shake all of the funky vibes away.

Well, All settled in quite nicely thank you very much. Now where is my Flokati rug to go in front of the fireplace I bought in Florida? Oh wait, I forgot it. That means I now have a Nokati rug to go with my little fireplace. Eventually I want one in every room.

Today's disaster to report is that the refrigerator is no good and all of the food that was left inside of it until the seal blew off of the doors and the hinges rusted right off, making a dripping oozing mess of what is now raspberry looking toxic sludge running to the floor and ruining the carpeting beneath. I'm surprised that it didn't eat a hole clean through the floor.

Grimy... can not even begin to describe this. This is something much worse than that! This house is something out of the Amity-ville books.

I should upload a picture and you can see it for yourself. It looks just like the Amity-ville house. *Did that spot just move?* I think it did! Hate to cut the chit chat short but I am out of here. I need some air before I pass out. Yes, I think the purple spot just followed me outside. Somebody call Stanley Steamer- pronto!

I am hearing a lot of that word lately. So yea. I have been working on this house non stop.

I am angry and a little edgy at getting things done myself. Please excuse me while I vent for a while.

All work and no sex makes Eva a pretty crabby girl.

This blog is my free ticket to whine and moan as much as I want because now I don't need to pay a therapist, I can just tell it all to you.

Note to self: I had better expectations than this. I swear I did. As far as dating goes one guy is the same as the next to me. They tell you one thing to get you to go out with them but then start doing something totally different once you are with them in the relationship.

I don't like that. I don't like contrast in a relationship.

The neighbors next door on both sides of us are angels. They are kind to us. Their kindness to me makes up for what the other neighbor across the street is lacking in bad manners and ill breeding. Some people feel that money makes them better than others but clearly it is character that does and not money.

It's the inside stuff that matters and she clearly doesn't have any of it! Someone should tell her this.

I have planted tall hedges so I will never have to look at her smug mug ever again as long as I live here.

I throw the paint brush back into the bucket and walk away in disgust. By the time I return the brush is glued to the side of the bucket like superglue. Bwwahhhh! What next?!

Oh honey. I need a hug! There is just something about shopping that makes women like me so happy. So on a spur of the moment thought I decide on to go shopping. It is better than sex because that only gives you twenty minutes of fun while a comfortable new angora sweater can last for years. When women go shopping we mean business. As I walked out the door I turned the knob and jammed my fingers. I then vaguely remembered getting my fingers caught in this exact same door in this exact same fashion some Twenty years ago when I was a little girl. It hurts! And it's going to leave a big ugly bruise on my Visa card swiping knuckles. Drat!

So when I got back from shopping I start painting the living room walls again while listening to Oprah. Her calming monotone voice in my one television speaker reassures me that all is still normal in the real world. Jackson comes home and proceeds to tell me I have paint in my hair. Oh do I really now? (Maybe he should get a closer look.) wink.

He pretends to wipe some off and applies another large white glump of it on me instead. Durr.

I wipe at it and then place it back on him. It starts a very large and indecent paint fight between us. *It's on now buddy.* Every man, woman, *dog*, and Oprah for themselves.

Nothing is untouched by paint. Not even Oprah on the television set. By the time we are done we are both sticky and white and the dogs have paint all over them. We had to get the dogs out of the room to keep them from being poisoned.

Looks like the real painting will have to get done tomorrow or the next day because we played in the paint for a better part of an hour or more. It was a great stress relief for us both.

I have been really stressed lately. I never knew that when paint dries it feels a lot like cement. *Ugh oh.* We almost ended up cemented together purely by accident. *Lol.*

Well, now comes the cleaning up part. Even the dogs need a swift bath. I wish I had the camera right now because I don't ever want to forget this moment.

The dog's head and tail are both white and Jackson and I both look like gluey ghosts. It is all over us and in our hair. On our shoes, on the walls and on the floor.

Oops, and now it is on the bed too. Lolz..*How did that get there?* Even the paint drops on the television screen turned it gooey. The whole room is flecked with white goo.

Bwwaaahhhhh! I wish you could see us in this mess!

Paint. \$20 per five gallons. Overhauls \$6 per pair.

Rollers on long poles \$12. Memories like this one.

PRICELESS.

I saw some honest to goodness real Amish people on the way into town. I have never seen any in Florida the whole time of being there. I really admire Amish people. In fact, I dearly love them.

Spending time alone without electric or any technical fluffery that the campground really showed me how to enjoy life in the primitive. Kind of like living in the old west. Complete with medicine wheel teachings.

Hmmm. Day after day women here in Tennessee some how manage to handle this balmy heat. I don't see how since I am sweating razors and bullets right now. Women here know secrets of talcum powder that I have never even heard of before.

Well, since I am in a new town and I am trying to find my way around much like a tourist would. First of all, this isn't a City? It is more like a town! I decided to just meander around the *town*.

Trying not to be too obvious that I have no idea as to where I am actually going. Acting perfectly casual. Like a tourist does. Hey for now I am a tourist!

I like exploring the sites. There is a building across the street from the Courthouse where you could just picture Lee Harvey Oswald with a rifle peering out. I can't help but look that way every time we drive by it. An eery sense of warning haunts me with every passing. The only thing missing is the telltale camera that gives away the fact that I am indeed a newbie here. I moved away from here when I was little and now I can't seem to find my way around the town.

In fact, I can't find anything. I have been lost three times this week and it isn't getting any easier for me to find my bearings..

And for some reason my internal directions seem off. I'd better buy a compass for the car because I can't tell North from South and East from West. Damn you time/space continuum. We go out to eat out of necessity. I am too tired and weak to cook from all of the painting we have been doing. We go to a little country kitchen that serves open faced sandwiches. I touch my hair and still feel tiny traces of paint in it. I giggle secretly because *I remember how it got there last night..*

The waitress sat us in front of a beautiful and very romantic roaring fireplace. Somebody is going to get some when she gets home tonight and I think that somebody is *me*. At least it had better be *me*.

Anyway, I have never heard of Open Faced Sandwiches before so I ordered a Turkey Open Faced Sandwich with the Mashed Potatoes. I ate with abandon then sipped my strawberry lime aid down as if it were water. Painting and coitus sure makes a girl famished.

My compliments to the Chef because even the food was beautiful. It was a generous serving of Turkey with Gravy covering a large piece of French Bread Texas Toast and some of the Gravy was left to top the home made Mashed Potatoes. I was in utter gastronomical bliss for the entire meal.

Dinner was followed by a handsome portion of Strawberry Shortcake. These Tennessean's sure know how to cook. I am all carbed out and in total gastronomical heaven. When I went to get up I had to unbutton my pants because I had no room left to breathe.

That's how good it was.

Still not used to the time difference. Time moves pretty slow here. You could lose track of hours just sipping Iced Tea on the porch. This Italian Restaurant I used to frequent made such a heavenly Eggplant Parmesan with a thick Cheesecake for Dessert. With blueberry or Cherry on top of it. I miss the feeling of Italy while dining there and the food was so comforting. Still not sure what possessed me to move a Thousand miles away from my Mother.

Give me some comfort food because I need comforting right now.

Why you ask? Because I am mourning the loss of my inflated high expectations. The funeral is tomorrow. Please come and do dress appropriately.

RIP Expectations. 1968-1999

Holy crap. It's 8:30PM. Remember yesterday I told you that I didn't know that you can lose track of two hours here just by sitting on the front porch drinking a glass of Tea. Well today I proved this to myself as a Hypothesis. I kid you not. Where does the time go?

I did it tonight just to say I could. The Tea tasted great and I was so busy reading a book that I became lost in it. Mr. Darcy was in perfect form in the book. Why can't real men be more like him.

Then I bury myself in my journal and on the internet through my blog. Deardiary.net is now my safe haven and my new home away from home. Thank goodness there is Internet here. Keep your fingers crossed as to not jinx it. Technology reassures me of my sanity ever so gently like a warm and welcoming friend.

I miss my friends. I really miss everything about Florida, even though I love it here. I need some local friends. It's funny, when you're with someone you tend to hope and silently pray that one day they will change but in the end it ends up being you that does all of the changing. Did Mitch really ever love me at all? It is more than obvious that his family never accepted me but I wonder about how he really felt about me.

One sister called me a *little pisser* in her funny wannabe Bronx accent when her hyper as a monkey child acted like a complete spaz during the news one day when I asked him to sit down..

Being from Canada via Florida the sum of what she *really* knew about the Bronx she could sum up in her little pinky finger. Little pisser. Lolz. It makes me laugh. I *tolerated* those people for him because I loved him. Sometimes the things that people don't say hurt us even worse than the things that they do say.

It was heart sickening for me to be there. Talking about it to my mother would be moot because she wouldn't really understand. She is from the time when women no longer needed or wanted men around. Unlike my Granny who loved and appreciated all of the men in her life. She had a large family to raise.

Mom did everything including bring home the paycheck and liked it just fine that way. I don't think my mother ever truly *needed* a man for anything before and everything she did to our home she did with her own two hands. To the point of sometimes working them almost to the bone. I appreciated her determination and willfulness of being alone.

I have a feeling of melancholy mixed with anger.

I don't want things to be like this forever. I want peace. I want serenity. I wanted to get away from the drama. And away from trouble making people, gossips, and liars. I called my friend in Florida and cried on his telephone shoulder for hours. Not something I do often but when I do look out.

For dinner I paid tribute to my favorite Restaurant by making Eggplant Parmesan similar to the way they do with homemade pasta sauce. My Cheesecake couldn't compare to theirs so I improvised and went to a local market and purchased one already made and topped it with Blueberries and inviting drizzles of Blueberry Sauce which turned the top of it a lovely fuchsia color.

After dinner, Jackson and I made our way around the town and looked at the scenery. Again no camera was brought with us to capture the memory.

Large antique red brick buildings form a central point around and a large court square that sits in the middle was surrounded by a complete circle that is the street which resembles a moat that surrounds a castle. I wonder who invented this marvelous notion of a circle anyway?

Around and round the court circle we go. Where we end up, nobody knows. No really. Nobody knows! Cause your guess is as good as mine at this point. Can you say we are frigging *lost*? *I can say it loud and clear!*

Tonight I have no plans for writing. So Boone's Farm sounds like a plan for me. The yummy effervescent Strawberry flavored booze-water that I love so much paired with dinner.

They say if you read the ancient scripts of life you can attain wisdom so that is precisely what I am doing. I gave up the crowd to invest in myself.

No more beer parties and long weekend parties for me. I am investing in myself from now on.

I am investing in the stock market. I didn't know how easy it is to do it or I would have done it sooner.

I am reading the Bhagavad Gita, Patanjali Yoga Sutras and a few other vital texts. Already I can feel the cycle inside of my mind slowing down to a normal pace. I can sit in silence meditating when a friend calls and afterward I lose count of chanting mantras and must begin all over again.

In these funny economic times we are going through a recession. There are jobs here now but there are different types of people making the money.

Now the gypsy artisans, metaphysical giants, and gurus are cashing in.

Funny how the tides turn now and then leaving people that once had money without any and leaving those that were once flat broke richer than Croesus. Leaving those once healthy now sick and ailing and those once sick healing in a short period of time.

Given the occasional minor skirmish or skid bump, Life is really easy for me and good things always happen for me all the time. I dearly believe that God watches over me no matter what. I'm very lucky.

I have excellent job references from Florida. Mitch's mom said I didn't have a job when I was actually working two jobs. I have the tax return to prove it. She just never paid any attention to me enough to notice.. Funny how we remember each other as completely worthless. It still bites her in the butt that I am living my dreams just the way I want to with nobody controlling me. Especially not her anymore.

Today I started working at a wonderful daycare. I love children and love playing with them outside so it is perfect job for me. Jackson and I have tried for the last two years to get pregnant but it still isn't happening for us. We are getting tired of trying at all now.

Timing, charting cycles and basil temperatures. Sometimes it gets to be too much for me to deal with. Seriously, It breaks my heart. They just can't find what's wrong. Obviously there is something wrong with one of us or there would be a baby in my belly right now and not just Dorito's potato chips. I don't know what it could be stopping us from getting pregnant but it is something. If it is not with me then it must be a problem with *him*.

Something is wrong somewhere! A true tragedy because I have finally found someone that wants to have kids with me.

It all amounts to time now. Why did Mitch force me to put off having kids according to *his* schedule? Men have no idea what that really does to a woman inside.

I feel robbed. Cheated out of the family I should have had. Not to mention the obvious.....all of my friends now have children and some have Grandchildren I can't go five minutes now without someone reminding me that I don't have kids and they do.

It hurts so much to hear this over and over again.

After work I come home and throw myself head first into a Yankee Pot Roast. Comfort food is for comforting. No wonder they call it that. It is my favorite meal and it is so welcoming after a long tiring day at work. My feet hurt so bad I feel like I could pass out without eating because that is how tired I am but I have to eat to live so I eat just to save myself from being sick tomorrow.

Kids can play hard and with me playing with Seventeen of them outside I really worked up an appetite in that hot morning sun.

As I take the first bite I can still hear the kids from work next door yelling at one another and playing very loudly. They love to roughhouse. Internal voice says. *Shh, children I'm eating now.* Working full time plus night time's writing. I am doing this while I put myself through Yoga and Meditation Teacher's Training.

I keep digging in to my food and afterward I am so sleepy that I can hardly keep myself awake any longer. All of this burning the midnight oil is starting to catch up with me I think. I need sleep. Food and deep deep sleep. And lots of quiet. The house is so peaceful right now.

It is hard working a full time job plus coming home and doing four to six extra hours on computer work and extra writing assignments. I'm sure Mitch's mom would still say it isn't a "real" job. Writing is a real job. In fact it is as real as it can get for smart people like me.

Happy Flu Season everyone! Achooooooooo! Sniffle. Sniffle. Cough.

I have started being sick all of the time and having problems with my back and my neck all the time now.

All I am doing is playing with kids and all the things I normally do around the yard anyway. Mow the grass, trim the acres of hedges by myself. Dig up a winter garden space. How can that hurt my back and neck so much and make me so sick? I can't figure it out.

Guess who gets first dibs at the germs? Yep, you guessed it. That would be **me**. The flu trickle down theory at work when around kids so much of the time.

I have been in several car accidents and I think one of them seriously messed my back up. I think the cold weather is making it much worse now. My back and neck manage to stay kinked for days at a time. I can turn my head normally to the side when I wake up and sometimes the kink lasts a whole week or more without me being able to move when I get out of bed so to the doc I go.

When I asked the Doctor what is wrong with me on the MRI and he said it is a pinched nerve and herniated and bulging disc. He gave me one of those crazy white collars that crash victims wear.

I look like a total dork in this thing. I don't really have time for pinched nerves or herniated anything. My body hurts so bad right now I want to cry.

He gave me some muscle relaxers to help the pain. It only mildly helps and it makes me sick instead.

It is colder than a witch's tit right now! It snowed here last year on Christmas and the year before that one so I wonder if it is a yearly ritual.

It gets so cold here in the Winter. It will take some getting used to since it is very different than Florida. Okay so I still have some salt water and Margarita's in my veins to keep me pickled all the way through June so I should be okay till then.

For a late lunch I made some Tuna Melt Sandwiches with Sprouts and Toasted French Bread with a large glass jug of Lemon-aid to cool us down. We ate out in the shade in a picnic beside the roses. Their beautiful fragrance filled us both with joy and laughter.

Men don't appreciate a romantic scene like this one the way women do. Trust me on this.

The neighbor had some friends over and we waved to them. Our back yards are like a community hub where we all end up outside at the same time either playing or mowing the grass.

It is starting to feel more like home here. I know everyone by name now and sometimes the post man waves to me. I am starting to recognize the friendly faces from the homicidal ones. Those are not hard to miss with their angry and festering scowls.

I have made a few great accomplishments with my life since moving here. I have gotten under the house and repaired the leaky pipes myself.

Considering the spiders down there as as large as my cat I'd say I have come a long way. Stretching the boundaries of my independence and shaking my fists at spiders everywhere. Oh yea. They fear me now.
*Watch out spiders cause here I come. Fear me
bitches. Fear me now!*

Well Happy Birthday to me! I turned Thirty Two today. Huzzah!

Am I happy about it? Well, not really.. Let me explain to you why.....

Another dashing of my spirits and of my great expectations. I live forty miles away from my Dad now and I am really surprised that he didn't call me today to say Happy Birthday.... I know. It sounds kind of juvenile and petty of me but hey. He wasn't in my life and now he is again.

I would have liked to spend the day just hanging out with him. I want more of him in my life now that I live A Thousand miles closer to him. Mom tried to warn me but I didn't listen to her. All I can do now is learn from my mistakes.

She said here in Tennessee I would always have to be the one to reach out. I had envisioned us eating Lunch together or Dinner and spending time catching up on old times and photo albums but I see where his priorities lie now.

I am learning about life.

Trying not to be angry or jealous with the father stealing lot of them. Meanwhile in gloomyville the bottles of Boone's Farm are collecting in the new attic I made. That's right I made my very own attic. And no it's not just for Writing and Drinking. *Making the best of a five room house. I may close in the front porch too!*

I have some thoughts. One of them being that when your Dad packs up and leaves you for a whole new family it really makes you doubt yourself as a child. I was only five when he left and up to then I had it made. I had all of the love in the world from him and mom. Even though he had bad knees from the war he still went outside with me every day after work and played with me and my kite. He built me a giant one.

After the divorce it makes you feel like everything is your fault and you start to blame yourself for everything bad that happens from that point on in your life. I am going through a very stressful time right now what with my Expectations dying and all.

Well, it is official. Since coming up here I have no life at all outside of work. I am tired of sitting home every weekend and I still feel like something is missing in my life. I thought coming here would make everything right in my life. I thought I could fix everything that was wonky in my life. I guess I was wrong. Jubilation now transformed into humble mediocrity.

Making amends to everyone from my past that I have hurt and hoping others will do the same with me. It is still worth trying. Let's bury the past for the future's sake. I thought I could spend time with Dad and make a whole new life for myself. I didn't think of any Plan B's or what will I do if everything in my life doesn't work out for me here the way that I want it to?

Fixing this house has financially ruining me. I had \$50,000 in pristine good credit when I moved here none I am down to \$1,500 credit. I could have bought my own home for that price.

As a act of loving kindness and philanthropy I have started helping the neighbor Mr. Joe feed his cats. I just put all the food in a large container and give it to him. He has so many how can he keep up with them all? *He has Thirteen of them.* That is a bit eccentric if you know what I mean. I knew a guy like that in Florida. Can you imagine thirteen wild cats living with one little old man? I give him food for them and he gives me some bags of fruit. Plums and apples from his trees. Some of his cats look sick and diseased. I will have to take them to the shelter in Memphis for him as soon as possible so my little cat doesn't get sick too. I can't have that happening.

The poor man. God I feel for him. He has no family that I am aware of and he doesn't have a car. He is around Seventy-Five years old and has to walk from here (even in the snow) to everywhere else in town to get his groceries.

Wherever I see him I give him a ride and I would have thought the church or a local mission if there is one here would help him out but I don't see any here. His cats make him so happy.

He calls them every night for dinner and feeds them all. I imagine they all have names but they are friendly only to him. When I was little, I remembered having a gorgeous tabby cat that the Avon lady gave to me named Sabby and he ran away and chose to live with the old guy instead. For years the cat would come back and forth between the two of us but for the most part it stayed with him until it too grew old and wrinkled just like him.

I have started meditating after a while of not practicing. Please remind me never to go that long again without it because my mind is like a caged monkey right now. It is all over the place and climbing the ceiling. Meditating is so good for my health. So is Yoga and Tai Chi, which I have just started. Doing random acts of kindness for the neighbors always makes me happy.

I bake the lady next door some fresh sour dough bread once or twice a week as a friendly gesture. I know she still hasn't really warmed up to us yet as we are still considered outsiders and strangers but I can feel a shift happening. A shift in my thinking and in theirs.. Mom warns me of the cat biting my hand because her and the lady used to hate one another from an old grudge long ago over my grandmother's stolen rose bush. So I buy the lady a rose and a lawn mower for mother's day to keep peace.

The guy across the street breaks it a day later. Oh well so much once again for good intentions.

In a fit of doubt I wonder if we will ever really shake that title of strangers here. All I know is people don't act like this in Florida.

In the meantime I have started the Abraham Hicks Thirty day course to changing my thoughts and that is supposed to change my life. I am psyched about it. I put all of my excess invisible currency in chocolate. A virtual Fort Knox filled with Chocolate truffles and Godiva goodness. Yum!

I am currently snacking on some Chocolate Hazelnut Crème de Piroulines while I write this. They were made for writers. You know?

Can there be anything that tastes better than those little rolled Wafers of Chocolatey goodness? With all of this excess chocolate energy I am probably going to cook something good tonight. Days like this I like to break out the big cook books and find something that takes a little bit more effort than usual to cook. I am celebrating.

I have a third job now. Why you ask? Because I like working and I love making money so it is kind of obvious. I love Retail as well. Good ole' softlines.

Sometimes it is nice to have a real weekend off to myself without someone calling me in because someone else called out or got a pretend weekend sickness. Which is always on a Friday or Saturday night so I get overtime.

But amazingly enough they are fine the next day. For dessert I will make some home made Strawberry Ice Cream and put it in some large Waffle cones.

I'm getting hungry just thinking about it. Last night I had a dream about a little girl saying "Mommy, Mommy" to me. I woke up and drew a picture of her. I have a strange feeling that she is my daughter. Or someone's Daughter. Beautiful brown curly hair with bright blue eyes just like mine. Maybe she is closer to me now than before. Maybe this is a sign she is coming soon to us.

I have finally started to lose the weight of the Christmas feast that I cooked although I'm not that worried about my weight. I was a tiny size when I moved up here. I know. That was before the Gravy and Biscuits got to me though. Now I am bigger. Fluffier. Okay fine. Let me rephrase that. I am fat.

And the Chicken and Dressing. Have I mentioned the Dumplings darling? They are divine! And my dumplings aren't looking too shabby either. The Christmas Turkey is being carried around somewhere else however. Like in my waistline.

I'm soaking up all of my frustrations in eating.

Case in point. I went to eat Dinner with Daddy and it was really nice.

There is something so special, so intense. So deeply moving about a daughter and her father sitting together at the kitchen table for dinner. The closeness of family. I felt like a part of something at long last. Something I have missed out on for myself my whole life.

Sitting with Mitch's family all those holidays, all those years wishing that they were my own family. I feel like a tiny Atom once it has become a Molecule. Maybe I could fit in here after all. Maybe his new family could become mine too with a little work on my part. I would have to let go of my own inner stuff that is hampering me first.

On a happier note I met my Sister Jan for the first time! We have so much in common. She loves cats and dogs as much as I do. She works in a Vet clinic. She is an amazing woman. For two people that have never even met before we have the same lifestyle and pet preferences.

It seems hard to imagine that you can love someone that you just met as family as if you have known them forever. That's the way it feels for us. We have the same eyes, hair, and body style. It has been just me, Mom, and Grandma for as long as I can remember so I am so excited and thrilled to finally find her. I am making a real effort to get to know her and her family too.

If you can imagine a small town that closes up at sundown and lives by banker's hours then you can picture this place.

It is only a stone's throw from the next large town which houses both an AMC movie theater and a Chinese restaurant. Being in a new place makes me want to eat more. To try things I have never heard of before.

I have tried cow tongue, octopus, cracklings, fat back. You know, all that unhealthy stuff my doc warned me about. Lol. Eating is so much fun, why does it have to hurt so bad to get fat. And why does it have to kill you if you eat too much of the wrong foods? Darn the fates for that one.

I have to admit. I left Florida wearing rose colored glasses. Lost in my own little fluffy pink flower child imagination that the world really is a nice place filled with other foo fooey Aquarian love children such as myself and everyone really is good at heart.

All I can say is *The Bitch Lied*. I am still trying to rationalize the intelligence here most of the time.

Tennessee can really be a cruel and sick place to live and sometimes people really aren't good at heart. Unless there is something in it for them. They are maniacal and don't care about other people's feelings and they have no respect for anyone. Not even their own family. I wish there was a place I could live where the people were happy and conflict free all the time. Even if they were drug induced into being friendly like Stepford Wives. Like a real Eutopia. Only without the robot wives or shiny meds.

Sometimes I think about the disasters of the world and realize how good I must have it compared to most. I will make a go of it here no matter what!

Hola lovelies. It is Spring and I planted another beautiful garden. I am so proud of my work on it. Everything is sprouting so well. I have Red Cabbage, Cucumbers, Squash, Eggplants, Beans, and Tomatoes as well as planting some fragrant flowers. I am happy here and making a go of it. It seems I am quite good at mixing top soil. The bitter cold is gone and replaced with blooms of every shape and sort. Everything is now green and filled with life and vigor. *Even me.* Things are really going good for us.

A tiger swallowtail landed on a flower bud next to me. Then landed on my shoulder as if it knew me. *Do I know you?* It just kind of looked up at me and smiled at me as if internally knowing I wouldn't hurt it. Animals are safe that way with me. They know I would never hurt them. I have always been close to animals. Sometimes more closer to them than to most people I know.

Similarities. My Grandmother had a special way of communicating with nature like this. She loved communicating with animals. Some women are natural born shamans. She poured pure magic into her peach cobbler and into her day. She loved cooking on warm days. She always said something about it making the bread rise faster and the food taste sweeter.

Maybe it was just her way of making me smile. She made everything sweeter by being in my life. Everything. She never had a bad day in all the years of me knowing and loving her.

Hunger. I could almost smell food drifting in the wind through the fragrant blossoms. I am so happy and joyous right now. I wish every day was this good. My Grandmother was a great cook. Not just one or two items really well like I do but a full gourmet meal at every sitting. She used to take her time cooking and would say that good meals took time to prepare. She was a real whiz in the kitchen. She used to make the best Chicken and Home made Dumplings in the whole world.

And she never rushed about it. It didn't matter if it took her all day long to cook one simple meal. She lost herself in it. She savored being in the kitchen. Smiled the whole time she was cooking. I want to be like that when I cook from now on. It has rained here for a whole month now. A neighbor said it is good planting weather. So there you go. Time to go outside and plant.

Crazy Tennessee fact #101. Did you know that they fry and even barbeque bologna here! I know! It is insane! I have really never heard of that before. I don't know if it is out of the sheer love for the stuff or out of culinary deprivation.

I tried some and it is pretty good but it takes more than just bologna to sustain me. In fact, the yummy taste of it barely fills me up at all. Like barbeque flavored bland cardboard or something. No thanks!

I went shopping and bought some stuff to plant today!

I planted so much stuff the garden is heaping full of it all. I had to make room for more Eggplants because I couldn't resist getting more. I love Eggplant. No matter how it is cooked. No matter what is on top of it. I love it covered in tomato sauce and that slathered in cheese.

When we moved here, I had such different plans than this. Not the gardening kind of plans because I have had gardens everywhere that I have lived. And roses. But I did them because I wanted to. Not because I had nothing else better to do.

Having kids still hasn't worked out for me like I wanted. I have had all sorts of testing done. I can adopt but it isn't the same as creating a life with someone you love. Feeling it growing and moving inside of you.

From the very beginning, there has been one setback after another. Now he works so much we hardly ever see one another at all. He is now being called in on his days off so we don't even have that little amount of time together anymore and when he gets home I am already fast asleep from being so tired from work.

Mitch called and asked me if I wanted to come back to Florida. He misses me and I miss him. I can't lie. But not enough to go back there.

I thought a lot about going back to him. Gave it a good long tossing and turning around in my mind before a mixture of all of my lost dreams and desires faded silently into the telephone receiver and evaporated. It would just be someone or something else when he got bored and then there would be his mother to deal with day after day never giving us a moment's peace. And then there was the reality of never having children.

I should thank him, because he has moved me closer to my own dreams and not his dreams any longer. It was a hard decision to make. Twenty years together and it was still a chore for him to remember my birthday. There has to come a time in a woman's life when she lets some of his dreams go in exchange for her own dreams. I try not to think of the past.

My body was so young and vibrant. Force is not a right to choose. It was my body! I should have had a choice in the matter and not been forced. Majority of the people that are pro choice have never been forced to have an abortion before. Maybe they would feel different if they only knew how much it hurts emotionally to be forced to give up their child.

It hurts too much to think about it now. Might as well have been my soul they ripped out. His mother's stern words still burn my ears that *it was just not the right time for us (me) to have a child.*

It was a pebble in their shoe. To me it was a living miracle. I have so much heartache from him and his family. Can't ever go back there. Wishing things for us both had been different.

Some nights I lay awake and cry about the family I could have/should have had if I hadn't wasted time with him and the socialists. But it's too late.

I would be raising my grandchildren right now if they hadn't interfered with us and our plan to move forward with our lives. I don't feel so bad now because three other people that dated them when I did are now in rehab. It says something for the long term effect they have on people. Now I just feel sorry for them. I was young and in love with him and it made me very naive. Girls of fourteen years old aren't sluts. I am grateful for finally waking up.

His mom wanted Mitch in her own little bubble safe from the outside world where she could control what he did every minute. Every dinner was planned by her. Everything we ate was planned in advance by her. Everywhere we went was planned by her. She found out later that she couldn't control me in her little weekend bowling schemes. I hate bowling.

She forced us apart every single weekend doing the one thing I hated. Sure I went and each time it sucked balls. She should have let him make his own choices. We should have had the same opportunities and choice as everyone else had for a family of our own.

The real truth was she just didn't like me because I had a voice of my own and my own opinions about life and that is a very dangerous thing to a control freak that had been used to getting her way for so many years from the other irresponsible kids. I wasn't careless with my life or my car but she made it clear that there was no room in his life for me or a family for us. And if I did stay with him I would have to follow by **her** rules all of the time and not by my own.

In spite of it all I loved and cared for their children, giving them the best attention that I could provide for them and went to every single birthday party and baby shower knowing his wonky sister's Birthday and mine were the same day yet I never got one single Happy Birthday or I'm sorry I forgot your Birthday from them in twenty years.. Hoping I can put those nightmare years to rest and find peace within myself.

On the good side I woke up and they taught me a lot about life and family the hard way. I might have never learned it any other way if I hadn't journeyed with them those twenty years.

I wouldn't do it again if my life depended on it. Life isn't the Barter system. And if you do favors for people over and over again that can never return them then it is always better to walk away with some sort of sanity left.

If I could taste one sip of an answer, I could break out of this prison for drunks. I didn't come here of my own accord, and I can't leave that way. Whoever brought me here will have to take me home. ~Rumi

Spending time in nature or with like minded people makes me forget all about the time I spent with them. No more traveling with strangers on the river of no return. I am home now. Inside of my body and outside of it. God has shined his light on me. And I am free from all of that noise. I have found my inner *ing*. My inner guide shows me that there is a better way to do things. A better way to find love and peace.

Universal truth: Life is about loving someone and caring for them for the rest of your life. Through the good and the bad. Forget the happily ever after okay? Let's just aim for something smaller and more readily available to us. Like today. Or the here and now.

We have started fighting. And it sucks.

Sometimes over Mitch, sometimes over work stuff. Sometimes it is small things, and other times it is the large things that cripple us. Who is this couple in front of me because I no longer recognize us in the mirror? It starts like usual. Over simple little things. Who left the bread or toothpaste open to harden...

I think we have argued the entire day away, it was worse than the worst fight we have ever had. Our argument left us tired, sweaty, and completely spent! You know, like sex but without the body connection, or any of the fun.

I told him it was not a good idea to quit his medication, considering he was on it long before we met, and he got angry with me and threw it at the wall ruining most of it when it fell into the sink. Where is all of this anger and pent up emotions coming from? Is this the same loving man I moved almost a Thousand miles away from home to be with? Something is very different about him all of a sudden. He is hiding something from me. I can tell.

He has an anger streak that I didn't know about before now. I have an anger streak in me too. I take all of the crap that I can from people then I unleash it all at once on them like a poltergeist, even though I try not to. I just want us to be a family again. No one else interfering or getting in our beeswax. Hopefully our anger streaks won't try to get in each others way. Getting along well with others is fun and easy for me so I just don't understand the sudden lack of communication between us. Call it woman's intuition or whatever you want to call it. Something just doesn't feel right. I don't trust him anymore.

I remember that old paranoid and anxious feeling deep in my gut with Mitch that kept gnawing at me but I'm hoping it doesn't come to the same pitiful outcome that it did with him. When Mitch left my house at night he never went straight home. He was out all night most of the time and I would call him all night wondering where he was at. Again with youth there always comes a bit of ignorance and naivety in love that can only be replaced with experience.

Now, Jackson and I live in the same house but we never see one another anymore and when we do it is to argue about what the other one is doing wrong. Where did the love go that was between us when we first got here? And the certainty?

Mitch laughs at us and thinks it's funny that we're fighting when he calls. Sometimes when he calls we talk for too long. His relationship didn't work out with the girl from the junkyard that he pushed me away for. Neither did the relationship with the other girl he was seeing with the child. I'm still licking my wounds over his irony.

It still hurts. I tell him I am sorry about his pain and I still love him and care for him a lot but I wanted a real life with him. Drying his tears over the phone when it should have been me there beside him all along. I don't believe for a second that any other relationship will ever work out for him because of his temperament regarding marriage and bachelorhood. Maybe not for me either? Maybe he has jinxed us both to fail at love from now on?

I don't understand why some men can have no remorse for the things that they do or for the hurt that they cause women. I take a sip of my glass of red wine while we continue talking like old school friends instead of people that ended a long term relationship. Funny how well you get to know someone after you're not with them any longer. What part of me isn't lovable or worthy of love? Will I ever love someone as much as I love God?

Are women like me doomed to become nuns out of seeing the ignorance of a guy's plans gone wrong playing out before us and constantly sidestepping it? What is this big mystery of love about anyway?

Setbacks. There are a few. I don't have all of the right answers. I am no love guru. If I were I wouldn't be here sulking about it. Or feeding my fury on cookies. I do know right from wrong. I can feel the rip between us and yet I can't do anything to stop it. Like stepping into quicksand It just keeps getting deeper and deeper with every step I take.

Everything I do to help us now only drives him further away. Or maybe it is just him pushing me away. I can't really tell what is causing this mess. Either way he is purposely keeping his distance from me.

He now covers himself up modestly when I walk in to the room on him getting out of the shower like a shy innocent virgin, giving me the tip off that something isn't right somewhere.

He has never covered himself up like that before. What is he hiding from me now?

I went out to eat tonight and got my usual Saturday Novel. Buying yet another Pride and Prejudice book. Now there is both a Zombie and a Vampire version of my Mr. Darcy. Hopefully they do him justice. Tonight it's going to be just me and Mr. Darcy against the whole world.

Why can't men in real life be like the characters in the Romance Novels? Where are all of *these* men at that long to prove their love and devotion. And fidelity to us?

Do they even really exist at all? I often wonder about this. Reality is not so nice. In fact it is quite disheartening to me as a romantic at heart. Some people are married for over forty years.

I would love to be with someone kind and compassionate toward people and animals. Someone without a controlling mother that tries to plan his life for him at every turn.

And then with Jackson, his mother doesn't plan anything for him and tries to cause trouble every minute of the day and has to get threatened with jail time for stuff that she tries to do behind our back.

Well, after looking all over the place for the perfect read, I found two other nice ones. I read a little out of each before deciding finally on which place to go eat at. Victor Hugo novels have re-entered my life Twenty something years later after reading it in Jr. High School..

Frugality is the understatement here. So after buying my books I went home and made myself a Shrimp basket for dinner just like I saw at the store display and opened a small Coke. Feels like eating at my own fine dining restaurant. Yum!

I then popped a thick piece of Texas Garlic Toast into the toaster oven. Go me go. On a good food and novel binge. I could be up all night reading this one from the looks of it.

As I sat there eating and reading I thought about Jackson and how he has been acting toward me lately. Indifferently. Almost avoiding me in the same house. Strangers now.

Being curious I called his cell phone on a whim but suddenly it is being turned off when he is at work. I called again and a man answered asking if this was Abby calling for Jackson. I said sure it was Abby and when he took the phone expecting to talk to Abby so then I asked who the hell Abby was? He was stunned into silence and almost hung up on me. I think he may have fainted on the other end of the phone it got so quiet.

Well, there you have it. Suddenly it became obvious all the times it put me straight to voice mail. I am unsure about what is happening between us. Why is he doing this crap just like Mitch? Emotionally abandoned and alone I have to keep going.. So much for my risk taking on love once again. My heart is not a plaything for men that can't commit.

One of Jackson's work friends told him that women deserve to be treated lower than men because they should be at home barefoot and pregnant.

Oh really? In what back woods hillbilly hay barn did this guy grow up in? The same guy that is importing a mail order bride that is about fourteen years old from Cambodia. I feel so sorry for her. She is coming here to be the live version of a sex doll to a man four times her age and is old and wrinkled from his head to his toes.

Note to self: Remind me to soccer punch that guy's front teeth out the next time I see him. If you want to watch a kitty turn into a hellcat then my darlings you have come to the right place.

I can do bad all by myself. But life isn't about being out of synch with your relationships. It is about being loving and kind, even when the going gets tough. But most especially when the going gets tough. Love is about two people being together and communicating with God. Relationships are our way of connecting to God through our beloved. There is no other way.

Friends offer their advice but they aren't sure and therefore cannot fully understand the help I am seeking to this problem. I wanted to be a couple for the purpose of co-creating a life with someone I love. A guru on the other hand opens you up from the inside and cleans out all of the toxic shit put into you and your mind and body from years of turmoil and abuse. I need someone that can whip me into spiritual shape so that I stop the cycle of suffering from where bad relationships are concerned. No more degenerates or time wasters where dating is concerned.

It's not stress that kills us, it is our reaction to it.
~Hans Selye

No more being handed wild cards hoping for a match or dating the wrong people for me. Clearly they were not. Or I wouldn't have chosen to drive a thousand miles to get away from them in the blink of an eye as fast as I possibly could.

Life isn't meant to be hard all the time. It is meant to be easy.. It is a small town and everything closes early. By the time I get off of work everything here is already closed.

I am not looking for love unless it is the kind that can only come from my deepest heart center. I want someone that likes the same things that I do. Like racing and sports. I want someone who accepts me as I am. Not someone that pretends to like me then hurts me later.

All people are capable of hurting one another. Some actually set out to do it on purpose. I am intent on someone that's not so set in his ways to where he can only conform to his own sense of identity of bachelorhood.

Sure rebels are nice and they have their place in the dating scheme of things but I want someone that is genuine. No fake people here. Since childhood I can spot a genuine person from a non sincere one right away. In others it might take longer.

The world is filled with different kinds of lovers. Someone that loves you sincerely doesn't ever have to pretend that they're something that they're not. They wear this realness like a badge of honor on their sleeve. They show up for life fully prepared front and center. Someone that knows what a purple heart is and how to be respectful toward others. Someone that's honorable.

The jig is up. I don't want to admit it out loud but Jack's having an affair on me and there is nothing I can do about it. At least Mitch was obvious about it when he would go off wandering. He didn't beat around the bush or drag his feet to me about it or try to be sneaky or hide it from me..

I can't say that his way was any better than Jackson's but at least I knew then that I was pretty powerless in that relationship. It was a wake up call for me that pushed me toward living a more authentic and abundant life for myself.

And somewhere in time, there between the love and the loss there is a brief moment where everything flows the right way for me in my life.

This is the moment that a person grows into their own soul. As if God reaches out and pulls us from the ocean dripping wet in our own innocence. If their soul is too big then they become obsessed with helping everyone but themselves and if their soul is too small then they can't even help themselves until a change within them happens.

Each of these pains we feel moves us closer to who we are really meant to be.

When I met Jackson he seemed like a very smart man that was given a raw deal by everyone he knew. I tried to do everything to fix our problem but sometimes like with Mitch, there is no fixing it. Sometimes you just have to cut your losses and move on.

There is too much mystery in the world to be trapped in the same condition day after day. A butterfly with wet wings can't fly and feels trapped that she can't fly. That is how I am feeling right now. My wings are wet for the second time and I can't move. I won't stay like this forever because God moves through me with a grace as sure as he moves the sand in the desert. It won't be long.

I tried to count back to the day and time that we had the big fight and I made him leave and he did without saying another word to me. That was it! That was the day of infamy. I should have known then what was going on between them. Normally he comes right back or calls from the pay phone at the corner after we have both cooled off a little bit.

I should have noticed how late he was getting home. Sometimes it was almost Five in the morning after the store closed at Midnight. Saying he was buried in paperwork as a manager on shift. I should have known by the way he was suddenly avoiding any real close contact with me. *Yes it was all obvious.*

But I was too blinded by hope to see any of it happening. I slammed my fists into the desk for being so absent minded.

I have a very big writing assignment due today and all I can think about is him and Mitch and the guys like them getting the last laugh on poor innocent women. And they wonder why we turn into cougars in our later years.. God give me strength.

Reality sets in: Personally, I thought that we had put the fight behind us and I thought moving here would be our biggest trial.

I guess I was wrong. That must have been the day that he went to **her**. It took him hours to get back home.

He said he was walking around and thinking. Even though he lied to me, he knew what Mitch put me through. Swore it would never happen again. Swore he would never be that kind of man that would hurt me on purpose.

I understand that things happen but he should have broken up with me first. It is the only polite thing to do. After my last attempt at a long standing relationship I am used to things not going my way. I would never move this far away just to cheat on him with a total stranger.

I am flummoxed because wanted this relationship to be **right** for both of us. He was the one trying to constantly get me to move away from all of my friends and my family. Alienate me and then break my heart.

Drinking a few glasses of Red wine with dinner tonight. Thundering and lighting outside. The storm blew the front door wide open and it was very frigging frightening and here I am all alone. That was the button that pushed me into a full out crying spell. Can't hold my tears back any longer.

I am out of alignment with this place I am out of alignment with some of the people I have met.

In my exile I have the opportunity to study some of the teachings of the great masters.

Shamanic Elders, Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, Sufism, and my journey is not culture based but nature based. In spite of my terrible loneliness I am still able to hold my head up and keep on walking.

I simply will not allow anyone to break me and my unwavering faith. I have gotten softer. And kinder.

I am in an authentic place right now. Jackson has to do what he has to do and so do I.

When we are left alone, or annihilated we are able to look at our own wounds through non-judgmental eyes.

They say a pearl is born out of the hardest conditions. It starts out with the smallest grain of sand. The oyster; trying to protect and shield itself from the irritating grain of sand within its confines builds up layer upon layer of its protective coating and this is ultimately how the birth of the pearl is born. The oyster then lovingly embraces the pearl as a mother would her child.

I guess we all must experience this tiny grain of sand inside of our shell in order to produce something magical with our lives. I'm tired of men that don't know right from wrong.

This morning when I woke up I felt the stinging and burning of white hot tears streaming out of my eyes. I didn't know it was possible to cry in my sleep. Jackson walked over to me and wrapped his arms around me and tried to comfort me but I couldn't even respond emotionally to him because of my tearful outburst. My head was spinning. I was choking on my own tears and drowning in my sorrows. I have been in relationships before, I have been hurt in the past.

And I have done my share of hurting others that I have cared for as well. I have never claimed to be perfect or to know everything about love. Why couldn't he have done this to me while we were in Florida so I could just forget him and move on, plus I had some very good friends and family for support down there.

I have no-one here. I can't even talk to anyone about it because I don't know anyone here. And definitely not anyone that I can trust to talk to about something as personal as this to total strangers.

I am focusing on my studies, my writing, and that leaves little time for anything else anyway.

Bottom line. He refuses to take responsibility for his own actions. That is what killed **us**.

Not me working two jobs. If there was a way to go back and change the past I would have never met him or Mitch. I make good connections with friends I meet elsewhere.

Like black berries squished in my hands they are stained from his mistake. For how long it will last I don't know. I have made my peace with that.

Men that try to blame their partner for their penis going into another vagina need slapped right up side of the head with a stupid stick for saying that.

And then to make the woman feel even worse by saying that it was an accident is the worst excuse ever for a man to not take responsibility for his actions. I don't want to wish upon a star for something else because you never know what I might get next. *The next one could be even worse than him.* God in heaven forbid that thought right now!

He is looking for any excuse possible to blame me for this mess. It wasn't me that strayed. So after blaming me he blamed my work and went on about me always reading or bringing work home to type all weekend instead of making time for him.

How else are we going to pay the bills? Money like this doesn't grow on trees. I have to work two jobs. He barely makes over minimum wage at his job... Each of us have faced our own repression of our hopes and dreams in our past. Our future together is now slim to nill.

Someone always standing there saying "No you can't" instead of "yes you can". I put on my best poker face and told him to end it with her or get out. It really is just that easy.

Like with Mitch I stayed and believed his lies when I should have left. There was never any happy medium. Giving it your all or nothing every day when the other can't is a one sided love that doesn't even out for either person.

He said he would end it with her and we vowed not to speak of it again. I buried it beneath the rug. The sound of truth of his voice. Hope is a funny thing. It makes women do crazy things. Like believe in the power of love. Is he telling me the truth?

How can I tell anymore? I feel that I owe it to him to listen to him. To *trust* him. I still want to believe in him that somehow, he would find the right thing to do to repair this whole mess. Somehow believing that he really did love me in some small way..

Universal truths: I am capable of being loved. My heart pounded forcefully in my chest. Oh God I'm having a heart attack. I grabbed an aspirin and some water to keep me calm. I tried to slow my surging heart back down to a normal level but I have arrhythmia so it went wonky instead.. I really want to trust him right now but I am afraid since he has me all wrapped up in his lies. A part of me wants to hate him too. I want to do both at the same time. Love him and hate him. My infinite supply of love dwindled.

My heathen roots flared and all I could see is the anger he was causing in me with all of these head games and mind trips he kept taking me on. The same ones that Mitch used to use on me. I love you one minute then hate you and can't be near you the next. Once all that time is lost it can never be regained no matter what I do to reclaim it..

I am fond of Eastern Medicine and Traditions. As I sit in meditation everything becomes clearer to me. When I meditate I hear the voice of truth. It causes me to experience a re-birthing. An awakening.

I feel born again. Comforted in knowledge that I can make courageous steps forward on my path. I am becoming self reliant through persistent action and continued practice. With God nothing good is ever really lost. He always provides for us with just what we need in life. Tools come to us in different ways.

My writing skills have improved. I have quite a twitter following now. People I don't know like my writing. I have more blog readers as well.

All people that believe in me and in my writing abilities. Sometimes it's very scary to me. Total strangers are radiating pure love out to me and I return it to them like wise.

Do they expect an outcome? Are they waiting and reading just to see what happens next? Spoiler alert! I don't know what's going to happen next! Two things I impart on my journey now is listening to lectures from wise people and allowing my other relationships to grow. My small life is taking off with leaps and bounds. I knew from birth that I am no ordinary person. This proves it. Even though some people continually try to keep me small under their thumb.

This is turning into a real journey of self love and self discovery for me. I learn more about myself every day. I am learning to cross my own borders without fearing what is on the other side.

Without another thought I pack the car and head out the door. Half an hour later I found myself at a tiny Restaurant on the outskirts of town eating a fabulous Dinner with White wine and Caramel Custard for dessert. Rich and elegant.

A few hours after that there was still too much daylight left to go back home so I got back in the car and just drove and drove until the town was far out of sight and I was near the Alabama Coastline.

I sat there watching the surf rise up and fall and rise up again giving the shore everything that it had in it. The shore was unmoving against it. I feel like the shore right now.

When will the world stop crashing on my beaches?
When will the love tides turn for me? When will it be my turn to catch the wave and ride it safely home?
Where is my home? Where is my heart? Where is my safe place to crash at the end of the day? I live in a home but it isn't mine. Where is my home?

Truth is I miss being at the beach. I miss everything about the ocean. I miss the salty air, I miss the sand in my shoes, I miss the crabs as they try to dart away from me thinking I am a giant. I sit down on the sand and draw with my fingers. Hearts... women always draw hearts in the sand. I don't know why that is. Love is all we are taught to think about when we are children. Dreaming one day that love will fill us up.

I miss the feel of my hands tracing over my lover's body. I miss the intoxicating male scent of manly flesh. I miss the deeply intimate moment when I look into my lover's eyes and they are filled with desire for only me.

I miss flirting, hand holding, kissing, and the other dark mysteries of human bonding with a lover. Looking at my lover and seeing the face of the beloved looking back and haunting me inside.

I overcome the inner conflict that bad guys are supposed to make you feel like this. Not good guys. Good guys aren't supposed to make you feel icky and lost inside like this.

The water reflects back at me as if winking. I stand at the edge of the water and dive in. Losing myself for hours in the ocean. I choose this moment to give my soul to the universe. Baptized in my own loving kindness for the entire world..

I leave the water a changed person. Maybe its the sunset or the undeniable beauty of the surf, or the soft caressing hands of the ocean that hold me lovingly. I feel like I have landed in this place for a reason. It is beautiful here. It is sacred. It is rich with azure skies and golden coastlines. I am drawn magically to this place and wish I could live here forever right here on this beach.

I'm staying here On vacation. Hang up the phone and turn off the answering machine. There is a cookout tonight. I don't want to go to it and have people whispering about what happened to Jackson and I..

Plus I don't need the man drama of meeting someone new right now either. Get out the lawn chair and just bake. Stop worrying about the unsaid things between us. *Trying to.*

I have hidden this part of myself for so long I barely remember who I am. Everyone's failed attempts to bring me low and make me feel small and themselves great compared to me.

I walked over to the edge of the ocean and the water lapped at my toes like a gentle puppy dog's tongue. I felt so at peace and felt so in tune with nature.

There is something amazing about being alone with nature. It makes you feel so delicate and small in comparison to it. It is so big and amazing.

I wish I had a job traveling. I have always loved to travel. I love the beach. I need this beach right now. Like the womb of mother earth it nurtures me and makes me feel safe. Safer than I have felt in years. Like my beating heart it echoes back what I am sending out into the world. Vibrations of love return to me.

Some guys come over to me asking me if I want to come to their cookout later. I admire their beauty and politely decline.

I can feel it coming. I am saving myself for something much bigger than this. My eyes follow them out of the distance until they become nothing more than blurry shadows. I feel so much love right now I am afraid I may burst from the bliss.

Well, I arrived back home later that week very rested and back in my right mind. Man free and stress free. I really needed to be away from him to think. The two hellish weeks might finally be over for now. I hope.

Things seem to have been repaired between us while I was on vacation and it looks like we may finally be getting some rest at night and working on repairing the damage to our relationship that he and the home-wrecking hootchie created together. Can't let it conflict with the dreams that I still have for myself and for my well being.

Jackson got a call from his boss this morning and another guy (Manager) quit and they need someone to take over the shifts on days.

He was supposed to switch to days on Monday but I am glad that he is going today instead. Better late than never.

My life has changed forever. He has noticed the change in me. I left the old me in the water that day. The old me is gone. Washed anew from the dogma of dating. However I don't like being the only one in a relationship that changes. Now I know my effort and I want it matched. Like a phoenix I am born then reborn time and again as I mature. Killing my spirit only makes me stronger.

He needs to change too and lose some of the melodrama. I don't want to go back to the same thing that it has always been. Sometimes I think people would rather die than change.

I go to bed reading Jane Austen. Merging the dream with reality. That night I dream of the most amazing man in the world. The place in my dream seem so real. He seems so real. His eyes invite me in. I bathe in his beauty. His eyes linger on my body longer than they should. Not tonight Darcy, I have other plans.

In my dream the fantasy man and I make love all night. Places and people seem so real. I don't know any of them but it feels like real. Except for the dark lighting.

I wake up later wondering where this dream man is. I don't want Jackson, I want this dream guy which may or may not be real. I want to relive the dream again and again. I close my eyes for a few more peeks of him. He is so beautiful that I have come completely undone over him.

There is a certain wildness to dreams of this kind. I open heartedly gave myself to him delving into the deepest part of my psyche. I love him with a fierceness in my heart like a lion. Oh Maya Where is the man that embodies these delicious qualities?

Over and over again I imagine how it would be when our eyes meet for the first time. Dreams like this have a strange way of weaving people's destiny's together in some way.

I tell a friend about the dream and she says that he sounds dreamy. I laughingly tell her he is mine and she can't have him. Later I hope that I don't dream about her stealing him or anything. The mind is funny like that.

I made a wonderful Rump Roast with Pan Sauteed Potatoes, and Asparagus fresh from the garden, lightly roasted with Olive oil and Sesame seed to soothe my inner beast.

You think gas prices are high? Olive Oil is \$35.00 per gallon. People still buy it because they love it! The Salad greens were also fresh from the garden, as well as the Purple Onions that topped them.

When women cook, it blends our soul with the soul of God. A merging of souls and pushing through boundaries. We tackle our biggest monsters right here in the kitchen. It is also where our shadow self creeps in and can be our undoing. But, I'm not going to let that happen. There is so much love that comes from us in the kitchen.

It is such a fulfilling feeling to grind the grains myself and as I grind them I lovingly reach out and touch the Universe and shake its hand.

I make a conscious effort to do my work and be at peace with the world. This is a sacred place and nobody else can hurt me now. *Nobody.*

I am drained. But more importantly I am very hungry. Starved. Completely famished.

Growing up, Mom would always bring something quick home with her from work. Now I prefer to devote my time to cultivating a more nutritious menu using healthier foods, herbs, and supplements in my kitchen. Things have changed a lot since growing up. I don't like whipping something up quick. I would rather take my time and make something meaningful and fantastic for Dinner.

I love having a glass of Wine with Dinner while sitting by the beautiful fire. Call me eccentric. Call me bourgeoisie I don't care.

I am so glad that I bought that fireplace. I love it. I would love a home with a fireplace just like it in every room. Basking in the firelight glow. I have simplified all of my kitchen utensils into a large rotating holder that fits easily on the counter top without taking up too much space.

I am over being worried about what Jackson is doing. My Grandmother would be so proud of me. I have transformed into a really good cook. I chalk it up to having vast amounts of patience and an infinite amount of instructions from cookbooks. And I finally stopped burning everything I cook! Lord have Mercy it sure took me long enough to stop living out of a crock pot.

You can only worry about a relationship for so long. I mean it. I am done worrying about us making it.

After we finished our wine he said that he had some work to catch up on so I retired to my computer and began editing this week's freelance writing work. Spending more time contemplating as to why I keep dating the misfits that don't know what they really want and only focus on themselves. He has started lying to all the time. About everything. I keep catching him in the lies over and over. He even lies about the lies I catch him in. God has he no sanity at all. I pray every day for him to change.

Why couldn't both men that I loved just fess up that they didn't want committed relationships in the beginning? Shortly after my Stinking Thinking Spree, as my blog friend Mean Donna Jean calls it. I became restless and began sifting through my small collection of cookbooks to distract my mind. What to cook today?

I really love the Sonoma's Best Restaurants cookbook. Warm flavorful foods, Mediterranean foods, exotic spice blends from other Countries. And *Lemon cello*.

So many recipes today have tons of saturated fat, but sometimes you have to just give in and use the good Olive oil. Again I say Thirty-five plus dollars per gallon. Against my better judgment, I can't help but buy it too. I love olive oil when I cook. There is just no substitute for the rich exotic taste..

Improving my cooking skills I made a lovely Mushroom equipped Flank Steak that has been marinating for several days in a sweet spicy Asian marinade in the refrigerator.

For dessert, I made a Chocolate Cake with Strawberries on top. Chocolate and Strawberries go so well together. Tomorrow night I think I will make Roasted chicken or Baked Salmon with Cherry Tomatoes and Baked Pears. Coming from a Pork chop family, my Grandmother must have known a thousand different ways to cook them. They were her go to masterpiece every Thursday night.

It seemed almost effortless, as if they somehow cooked themselves and I always seemed to cook them *Tem jeito*. Life is like that for me sometimes as well.

With a looming sense of dread I noticed that Jackson wasn't necessarily thrilled with dinner in which both items normally make him go gah-gah over so I asked him what was wrong.

The ice-maker suddenly made a deep low growling noise, like the sound of a mad dog as I felt my stomach churning. *Oh no. not again.....as it made the noise I could just feel it about to happen. I could feel the dark shadow creeping over us again.*

I could tell something was bothering him by the way he skulked around the living room before dinner acting as if both of his arms had been severed at the shoulder blades.

Yep, He has been acting funny all day like he's up to something. Again I could feel it coming.

It is horrible. A travesty. Every woman's nightmare!

He waited until after we half ate a beautiful dinner that I worked very hard on to tell me in a not so calm yet nervous voice that *he had still been seeing her this whole time and he was going to move across the State to be with her.*

I said half stunned “DO WHATTTTT?”

Had I not already washed the iron skillet I would have probably plunked it down right over his rotten, two timing head. I suddenly felt sick to my stomach again.

I wanted to go spill dinner but I couldn't get to the bathroom. In fact, I couldn't move.. I was stuck in the same spot. Pain still wrenched at my insides. Dinner didn't want to stay down and I had to force it to.

This was the kind of stabbing pain inside that just goes straight to your soul. It bypasses your extremities and your blood and goes straight to the soul. It turns and grinds around in there making everything else seem like a blur.

My temple felt like it was going to explode any minute. I breathed deeply trying to calm myself back down.

I have learned so much about having patience from doing yoga and meditation. Apparently it is paying off for me because I just sat there motionless like a statue.

Slowly but surely I am learning to make friends with my inner fears. Being cheated on is my fears. One man already tried to make me the scape goat for his debauchery and now another is trying to go down that same road.

I had to go lie down and get some sleep before my brain exploded. I like to think that all of my patience and persistence with men that can't make up their minds will one day be rewarded in heaven.

In my “perfect life” dream I am so happy. My senses are heightened and I am aware of so much more than when I am actually awake. There isn't someone always standing there trying to knock me back down from off of my cloud of happiness again and again.

I've had so many people try to knock me down again and again. You just can't let them succeed. Then a familiar face suddenly came to my mind bursting my bubble of peace and happiness. *I realized who it was.* The little pudgy girl from his work. Her name was Abby. Of course! Why didn't I think of her sooner? It has to be her! There is no one else named Abby.

I jumped back up out of the bed in full tilt mode and we started arguing about her. He started arguing more and more every time I mentioned her name then pushed me back. I took all I could. I could take no more.

I said “stop pushing me around” and then we started yelling at one another and then he pushed me again.

Before you know it I used the white washed kitchen table as a launch pad like a tiger and leaped at him on all fours and we began a knock down drag out fight with both fists flying at one another in the process.

I have taken so much from people for so long now, after pushing me that last time I broke his glasses right on his face with the first punch to his nose knocking him clean across the room; shattering them to pieces with my fists while they were still on his face and he broke all of my nick knack stuff on the way by dragging it all down to the floor with him. I broke his all of his Cd's and he broke all of my pictures on the wall. I was filled with a mixture of both fear and hate.

He knew Mitch used to do this crap to me all the time. I won't have it from him too. I took the hammer to his xbox and smashed it to pieces. The neighbors heard our theatrical promenade while we bounced around the house fighting from room to room leaving nothing untouched. He broke everything of mine and I broke everything of his.

Everything we came up here with was now in tatters and “*Get out of this house right now before I call the cops!*” were my last words to him as I threw all of his stuff out the door and on to the front lawn.

With him gone now all I do is sleep in my spare time. In all of my “perfect life” dreams I envision me in my perfect home with the perfect guy at my side and we are so happy together. Later I dream that I am covered in a thin veil of sweat. Last night's dream I was licking the sweat from my dream man who had just finished mowing the neighbor's yard. It hurts too much to deal with reality right now. I'll take chocolate, coffee and day dreams over reality any day.

Nothing I have done in my past could amount to the trouble that Jackson has caused for me in the short amount of time since being up here. And he doesn't care about the havoc he is causing for us here..

This is my home town. All of my family live here. Word spreads fast. And frankly I don't want anyone else to know about him and the home-wrecker. I am alone with only my prayers. Nobody deserves to feel this kind of shame and heartache in their hometown. I will have to move away from the sheer embarrassment of it.

To keep from admitting any blame, or to allow any feeling sorry for himself for what he has done, he then had the audacity to turn it around on me saying that it was because I am always working freelance jobs and I am always donating my time with extra hours and extra projects thrown in to the mix and he just couldn't take the pressure any longer. *What pressure?*

I am working two jobs and he is the one that can't handle the *pressure*?

Next, everything from the weather to Florida were brought up because I never have time for *him*. When does he ever have time for *me*? It is a two way street. He hasn't made any time for me in months and he lives here like a stranger checking into a homeless shelter every morning. Not like someone in love with me should be acting at all.

I understand that everyone makes mistakes, it's what makes us human. In all of my crying, praying, and loneliness I have never felt more alive. Bitches I am waking up! Friends feel sympathy for me but I assure them that I will be just fine.

Mitch couldn't get me down and this psycho won't either. I have to keep working two jobs! We have expenses that don't just go away just because he does. We created these bills *together* by moving up here. We talked about it and knew what we were both getting ourselves into before coming up here. There were no hidden secrets or hidden agendas between us.

I reminded him that he had a job as well and when he was always working what else was I supposed to do but *work*? I don't know anyone here and only spend time with my Aunt Nola for meaningful companionship.

She is sick and burdened with her own health crises right now so it is either I go talk to her or stay and talk to the cat. He admitted to being off half of the time that he was supposed to be going in for work and was with her instead. So he was using my car to drive them to motels on his days off telling me that he was working all the while. Unknowingly I was paying for their gas money for these little jaunts. He kept the phone off with her.

This has been another great lesson for me. I had given up my life and drove a thousand miles away from home to be with a shameless wandering *philanderer* and whore-monger that is no better than a common criminal right off of the street. A bottom feeding street urchin. Actually, a criminal might have been the better choice for me. At least I could have seen it coming when he slit my throat, stole my car, and drove away with all my money.

But don't cry for me Argentina cause I will be just fine. Every sad occurrence is pushing me closer to the life of my dreams. Closer to my writing career and closer to finishing this book. Every tear is its own individual freedom. Freedom from the heartaches and heretics of love.

I was in love with him. The only problem with love is that it doesn't last. Which makes it all the more difficult for me to bare. He has tested my boundaries and the anger, betrayal, and hurt are very real for me. Neither of us met the others expectations.

And what is worse is that he acts all nonchalant like this kind of thing happens to him all the time with women. Like Mitch, he thinks he is a playboy and a Casanova that wants the attention that he can get from whoever he can get it from talking all the time to me about other women and staring at them right in front of me like I'm not even there. Unfortunately the kinds of women that give him attention aren't really even suitable for the light of day if you know what I mean.

When I met Jackson, it was at our work and he never flirted with me there. At work with me he was always bossy most of the time and we couldn't agree on anything.

Trying to keep myself mature and poised and not butt-assed crazy over this whole deal with him.

One of us has to be the mature one. In fact at our work he had this really annoying way of changing everything around to suit him after I had already organized everything and I would have to go behind him and move it all back to where I had it again and now this same stuff goes on in our home as well.

From now on I am going after things that make me happy. Books, painting, more writing. Finding groups of people that share and emotionally support my interests with a like mindedness.

Asking and praying for guidance in this situation seems to be the right thing to do. Focusing on meditation to calm my frantic mind. Doing tai chi and yoga to balance my emotions and relax after a long day at work feels better than drinking wine.

Well. Reality has set in for me. This morning I watched him pack the rest of his clothes into bags and loaded them into the car without another word. My cat noticed and even seemed to be in mourning for him leaving as well. Bro's stick together like that..... I assure you.

Jackson asked if I could give him a ride to the motel in the next City and so I said yes after thinking about it and asking him why she just couldn't come and get him right now.

I couldn't very well have him still living here in town or with me after what he did to me here with her.

It wasn't exactly the kind of ending I had expected for us but he is so very in love with her that every other word out of his mouth has her name attached to it. It wasn't just a sexual fling so there was emotions tied up in it.

He can't make up his mind what he really wants to do. I assured him that she has kids with this other husband and she's not going to leave him and her child on a whim so he had better get prepared for his heartache to come sooner rather than later.

There are so many things I wish I could have told him and Mitch if he would have listened to me but they were so set in their own ways that they just wouldn't listen to me or to reason. You can only find happiness in yourself. Not chasing after it in another person. I am responsible for my own happiness. And so is Jack.

I should be with a guy from this place. Someone that loves this State and has a heart for it and for the people living here. Someone that likes the country, watching football on weekends, car racing because I grew up with racers.

I deeply need closure from Jackson. Cut the loose ends and attachment to me and let's be done with this relationship so I can move on and rebuild my life from the ground up.

I give up wondering about what minute insanity possesses people to completely throw their lives away for a total stranger like Jackson did? I'm not that ignorant, I mean I have dated three guys steadily growing up but none made me feel this angry and filled with hate. I'm still not interested in going back to Florida to the life I once had.. No point reliving the past there because it is gone. Trying not to think about it too much. Can't let it get me down or weigh heavily on my mind right now. Don't need tears.

I went into the kitchen and started getting some ingredients together for dinner tonight once I dropped him off. Might help to keep myself on a tight schedule from now on.

I bought another pretty leather day planner so I can schedule my appointments and keep up with the important freelance writing work.

I've known all along that I can only find happiness with myself and it could only exist *inside of me* and not in some generic knight in shining armor. Ladies, in this world you have to be your own knight in shining armor because he might not be out there waiting to rescue you.

If you really want anything worthwhile, you have to strive to do it for yourself. People can say all of the garbage they want to about me but the truth hurts them sometimes.

I am a good person. Sometimes people say venomous things to us growing up that affect us and our beliefs for our whole lives of how we see our self.

I think about this now and how I have been hurt by those I cared for. All of the times people said to me that I couldn't do what I wanted to; like writing because it wasn't an "actual" job. Try telling that to a best selling author and watch how fast they laugh at you! I have made more money selling articles and writing than I ever did working at my other jobs. And it is only MY thoughts making me the money.

Well, it is over. Done. *Tut finis*. Asta la vista bitches. We got into the car and for a moment my fingers clung to the steering wheel firmly locked in a death grip as we drove the Thirty plus miles in icy cold silence. Neither of us wanting to be the first one to talk. This icy cold silence was our formal goodbye. Numb like zombies and the walking dead.

My head throbbed and I tried to keep my face as still as stone to keep from looking over at him throwing our lives away on a whim, just like Mitch. Trying to keep from crying and tighter and tighter my fingers got. The closer we got to the motel the happier he seemed to get. By the time we arrived, he was smiling like it was his Birthday. He was all lit up like a Birthday cake. Mitch used to give me that same look sometimes too. I called it the *"I've pulled something over on you"* look.

When you see it from a partner, you instantly know what it is and what it means. It is the look that makes women want to remain single forever. I tried to find a comfortable position in the seat but couldn't.

As we pulled into the motel parking lot, I felt like I was at my weakest point than I have ever felt in my whole life. I took a deep breath and pulled the car forward. Driving head on into my new life at 55 MPH.

A woman dropping her fiance' and all of his belongings off was not how I wanted to be seen by the motel clerk that kept starrng at me as I drove off. *Take a picture it will last longer buddy.*

I looked back in the rear view and he was still staring at me. There are two kinds of women at motels. The kind meeting men there and the kind leaving their men behind. Nothing can be undone now.

Letting go of him didn't mean that I was giving up on love. It just meant that I was accepting the things that could no longer be between us. What unseen devil's wrath steals love from a loving heart that is still beating. Let me pluck his eyes out.

From this moment on I will trust and love and honor myself and never take myself for granted again. I will never put someone else and their happiness before my own.

I am done with men that can't keep on track and can't keep up with their libido. No more obstacles to my own happiness. No more obstacles to my sanity. And no more dysfunctional, narcissistic people in my life that can't commit to me.

And no more people trying to control me or manipulate me to fit their purpose. Especially friends and people that say they love me. When we allow someone to control us we give up a great portion of our freedom over to them. With gusto, I took everything out of the refrigerator and began cleaning it from top to bottom. I work all the time so there isn't a lot of food in the fridge to begin with.

I have time to get up, take a shower, then go to work so I usually just pick something up on the way there or home.

It didn't need cleaned really because it was a new fridge that I just bought but I would use this time to be free of distraction to focus on redecorating the kitchen from top to bottom starting with the appliances.

I will apply my dream of helping others and continue on my path, even in this darkest hour. I am not afraid.

Okay, I can do this. Time to woman up. Putting on my poker face once again before going out. As in on a date. More coming up about it later:

So.. I had a blind date this evening with a guy I met online. I decided to pay for a nice personals ad and I met him online a few weeks ago and finally am getting up my nerve to go out on a date with him. I need some kind of distraction from Jackson and his craziness and to get out since all I have been doing is working, eating, and not sleeping very well at all.

So far, he doesn't seem like a serial killer or anything so we might hit it off. Just friends.

I really do need some friends here because I don't know anyone and I like to have dinner parties and evenings with others with food and fun and some music to set the night off right.. I also wanted to wait a good period of time until I was absolutely sure that it was over between Jackson and I before I started dating anyone else.

At some point Mitch was apt to change his mind on a whim. I couldn't afford to take that chance now with Jackson because this is it. No more guys holding me back from the career or the glamorous writing and publishing life that I want for myself.

Now I have the time to study and better myself. I hear a higher calling and being trapped in another unhappy relationship isn't it. Again I emphasize- just friends.

So hungry am I in love. I want to savor every morsel of it. Nibble it like a cherry. Drink from it like a wine vessel. So great is my envy of lovers. My heart is bursting open. Who could stay cooped up in a tiny little box of a house like this?

I must move on. Oh yes. There are some men that cause an ache in a woman's chest. In a good way. *This man was not one of them.* He sucked.

I have intense buyer's remorse. Or something. I feel down. It was an epic fail date. All he could do was brag on himself all night long. Doctor this. Doctor that. Dr. Who?

Couldn't really think of anything funny or witty to say and didn't want to. And he had red hair. It looked blonde in his pic. Damned gingers. No thank you mister!

For safety purposes I met him in a place public so he wouldn't know where I live in case he turns out to be a lunatic or a stalker. I haven't really dated in years so I went out this afternoon to buy a few things from the garment district to wear for my date.

I chose nothing sexy, nothing showing cleavage, legs, arms, or too much skin to give him the wrong idea. Or to give him any idea of anything at all. Nope. We are closed.

Trying to tell my Dad about the breakup was like trying to not detonate a tear bomb. I kept myself on my guard and hid my pain. Just keep on smiling. Pretend it never happened. Keep it all bottled up inside but he saw right through it. He told me that it's not good to keep holding things in the way I do because it hurts the health.

Words are like roads for writers. I never know where this story will take me in the end. I can only write one word at a time. Embracing and walking with strength. Moving forward on my path. Finding my inner strength of character in each day.

So I called mom. I could sense her tiredness on the other end of the line so I left it alone.

She said more than a few times when I was growing up that families are a lot like ancient tile mosaics, sometimes through life and hard knocks they get broken up into little pieces yet they fit back together into to something even more beautiful and spectacular later on.

She has filled my life with many great blessings.

My mother did more for me than just raise me, she
taught me something about real life and then she
filled my whole heart with song.
Money can't buy that feeling.
Can't even come close.
I am so honored to have her as my mother.

With a flicker of hope still lingering in my chest, my
next blind date arrived in a brand new pretty little Jet
Black Mazda Miata; which is my dream car.. and we
whirled right out of this little one horse town to the
big City to watch Me, Myself, and Irene.

Which I have heard is a really great movie! The first
offense was he also looked nothing like his picture.
He looked too much like Doogie Howser from the
television show. His profile pic lied!

My dream car was scarier than I had ever imagined
possible and every time we passed a large truck it felt
like the body of it was going to fly right off.

At one time I thought we were going to fly right off
of the highway because he was going so fast. Ever
since these cars came out on the market I wanted to
buy one and I almost did. So very glad that I had the
benefit of trying one of them out like this before I
plunked down the cold hard cash for one of them
because they are little death traps.

There is a time and a place for fast cars and the
interstate is not it!

I was certain we he was going to crash us into a tree. Crash and burn baby. The car, not much bigger than a match box would literally blow to pieces before it ever hit the tree. Not a good first impression. Stop this thing. I want to go home.

Talk about living life in the fast lane. I thought we were going to end up in a police video.

He talks fast as well as driving too darned fast. He is a Med student in college.

Hopefully his hands aren't as fast as the rest of him because quite frankly it will ruin my whole night.

There is nothing I dislike more than a pushy and rude ginger Med student looking for a lay on the first date because well, that's just sooo not going to happen. His eyes kind of rolled up and down me roguishly as if surveying me as one would a nanny or a prostitute. Eek Gads! I don't care if I measured up to his standards of what a right type of woman might be or not. I felt the night disintegrating right before my eyes every time I looked at him. No, this was a really bad idea for me. We aren't a good vibrational match.

We weren't even there yet and I wanted the date to be over. At this point if he would have been an ax murderer and killed me I would have gladly been released from this torture.

I see now I should have driven my own car because it is a long walk home if he expects anything from me other than a punch in the nose. Which I was too busy for because of clinging to the arm rest for my very life. Why did I ever agree to these blind dates anyway? My friend thought it would be a good idea for me to get out of the house. I see now that spinsters aren't supposed to get out. Bad things happen to us like this when we go out! Now I'm going to have to hurt his feelings and turn him down all night just to get rid of him. I then pictured him in twenty or so years standing over someone doing surgery with those Quaalude high shaking hands. God help the person being worked on during the operation if he is the surgeon.

I know him online, which is like not knowing him at all really. But not near well enough to know him to say so but he must be high on speed.

It showed in his driving, his actions and his speech as he talked to me. What a bummer. I don't feel like he is a good match for me at all. I left Mitch because he wouldn't stop partying. I don't ever need to compete with drugs or drinking. Not ever again.

There comes a time in every man's life when they need to just grow the hell up.

Maybe I am still being too hard on myself. I mean it felt so good to have a nice relaxing time out in the world without having to worry about little things that irked me about Jackson so much, like him always staring at other girls right in front of me and them returning his glance, waving, and knowing him **somehow** but him not telling me about how they know him. I need a man that's not going to do that stuff again. I need a Southern Gentleman by day and a sex maniac with only me at night. Is that asking too much?

The whole night was a total waste of my time..

I should have just stayed home and ate chocolate instead. It would have been more real. The guy was almost robotic. Mr. Darcy, where are you when I need you right now?

I couldn't sleep and later around 11:30PM Jackson called to see how my date went we talked most of the night about all that has transpired in the last three months between us. That was nice of him. I found comfort in his voice. He wanted to make sure I was okay. That was nice of him.

I don't even want to try dating again. My experience was horrible. Jackson said he doesn't love her the way I think that he does and hopes she and I both understand that he has been going through a lot lately and just doesn't show it the way we do. You mean by having sex with someone else? Oh sure, I understand **perfectly**.

He told me that she said to him that she is *pregnant*. And she thinks that the baby is most likely *his*. I did not want to or need to know that. Why make a bad night even worse for me. From what I already know about the people here the baby scare is as much of a fake as she is. But he will have to find that out all by his self the hard way.

I had actually made Jackson into my own personal superman because unlike Mitch, I thought-hoped-believed that he was able to love me for *me*.

Through the good, the bad, and the ugly. Just the way I am. Nothing I needed to change at all.

And I loved this about him the most because Mitch always had stipulations to his love that were handed down to him from his dad, who resembled Shallow Hal's Dad in that movie saying life is nothing more than ass and titties however he can get it.

I want to be with someone that can walk upright.
Someone that has courage, honesty, genuine affection, knows the difference between right and wrong and lives by a code of honor.

Someone that doesn't snicker behind my back when he knows he got away with something sneaky.

I didn't know how important these things really were until I started tracing my genealogy back to many many generations of decorated knights that stood for honor and dignity and all of that moral stuff can't be just made up in thin air on a whim.

Once upon a time honor and chivalry meant something to men.

Back to the problem at hand.

I wondered why Jackson was even telling me any of this about her phantom pregnancy? Was it to relieve his troubled mind or something? This is too much information for me to process right now. I just can't do it. We need to move on. If not together then it has to be apart.

I can't go on like this being his friend. Sorry to whine about it to you but I am in a peevish mood.

I didn't bring him up here so he could start an instant family with another girl. He doesn't even know her. He is going to have to face the fact soon enough because time will tell one way or another if there really is a baby or not. He will finally have to man-up and this is childish but if there is a baby I doubt that I will ever talk to him again. It will make things easier for him to move on and for me.

During my emotional duress I completely forgot about my beautiful garden. And in my absence, it has become thick as a jungle and completely overgrown with weeds.

To be honest, so much has happened that I just forgot all about it. Most of my vegetables have gone to sod and now I have what looks like only weeds to keep me company. They are actually now big enough now to eat *me* instead of me eating them! They in desperate need of a plant therapist and have gone rouge.

I took out the mower and ended it for them quickly and painlessly. I felt so bad. All of my hard work.

As I sorted through the rest of the weeds to try and find some sort of recognizable vegetable under all that grass I see now that I shouldn't have given up the biggest part of myself to try to make someone else happy because happiness is either inside of them or it isn't.

You can't put it there for them. You can't make someone happy that doesn't want to be happy with you no matter what you do for them. I am trying to find some hope in all of this. Trying to keep the faith.

Later in the afternoon I left the lipstick jungle and went to Daddy's house still misty eyed and blue as I drove down the back roads to his house. Thirty miles seemed endless.

I didn't want to be on the roads being so emotional but I didn't want to stay home by myself and suffer through it alone either.

I told daddy what had happened between us. It was so nice to have someone that just listened to me while I talked.

My Manhattan's have been replaced by Iced Tea on the front porch with Daddy smiling at me attentively.

He told me that this is the perfect time in Tennessee for me to find love; when the June bugs come out looking for partners, when the fireflies dance at night and when things relax for Summer love usually happens. He told me to trust him on this advice. I said okay. I would.

If I never have another memory of my Dad then this is the memory that will stay with me forever because I got to cry on his shoulder while he held me for the first time since I was a little girl. I cried and cried. Years of strife and bad relationships with self obsessed guys fell down my cheeks one silvery tear at a time.

I came up for air then cried and cried more while he hugged me and let me cry. I guess he was used to it with so many new Daughters by my Stepmother.

I was surprised that he had time to talk to me in all of the hustle and bustle of his own new garden taking shape the way that it was.

It was so big compared to my little garden. His Tomato's were the size of my fist and Melons were the size of my entire head. And that's pretty huge.

Once he left Mom I saw him maybe two or three times in Twenty years and they were only very short and always supervised visits. This time with him meant the world to me.

He asked if I still loved Jackson and I told him that I did.

He said then I should try to make it work out even if it takes a little time and a lot of struggling along the way.

He told me to be patient.

Love takes time.

I cried out beneath all of the sniffles that I am hurting so much. My perception of guys I like doesn't live up to my expectations of them. The guys I like aren't half as good as I think they are. Okay, they down right suck ass compared to me!

Strawberry ice cream and daddy. I gave it my all and I still got burned.. He said that the hurt would eventually go away if I gave it time to. He speaks from experience.

He said *"That it wasn't my heart as bruised so much as my ego about what I thought a relationship should be."* He was right. I had nobody to blame but myself because my relationship with Mitch was always about *Mitch*. His racing, his car, his race car, his porn obsessed brother, his hair, his wonky sisters, his choices, his clothes, his drinking, his partying and for God sakes his control freak of a mother! Ugh!

I wanted this relationship to be different and be about *us*. I thought I finally found someone good enough and smart enough to not sleep with my whore of a best friend.

That didn't really happen the way that I wanted it to and I blame myself for it as much as him.
Gads, At least it wasn't with my best friend!

Daddy said:

“Love isn't perfect and neither are the Two people involved in it. It isn't about making you or breaking you. It is about learning to let go of yourself and all of the unnecessary stuff that you might bring with you into the relationship in the first place.

“It is about learning to please the other person sometimes more than you please yourself. It is about going the extra mile, even when the last card has been played and the chips are down. It is about telling the other person how you feel and letting them tell you how they feel in return.

It is about spending a lifetime making beautiful and happy memories together and not worrying about what has gone wrong between you or holding on to grudges or secret grievances just because you feel like your heart has been violated in some way.”

“It is about opening your heart to love the way it should be opened in a relationship.

Hearts are fragile things. And men especially have fragile hearts. We may not always show it but we can get hurt very easily in this world especially by strong and determined women like you and your Mother. I'm not saying this is a bad thing.

I am just saying to notice how you act around him and watch what you say because every guy isn't the enemy like your Mom might have taught you.

I know she has always been pretty headstrong about men.

It is okay to be fragile sometimes. You don't always have to try so hard. The world can be a really cold and very cruel place for a man growing up. We get bullied for being too weak and we get picked on for being too grown up.

There is no happy medium for us like there is for you gals."

He continued "We guys don't always find ourselves from young ages the way that you women do and we don't make life plans or stuff like that because we just kind of take it day by day for our whole lives and see what happens. We don't grow up and dream of being husbands, we grow up and dream of being soldiers or career men and the husband part comes to us later on in life.

In fact, sometimes it takes us much longer than you just to get it right. It's taken me three wives to find the one that could love me for me. Unconditionally. If it takes you that many husbands to find the one that loves you for you then do it. Never apologize for being yourself.

And sometimes when we think we have it all worked out in our minds, like a job, a home, a nice dependable car, because us men you see, well we don't really like to plan things, and when something like this comes along and knocks us back off of our feet again we feel lost and confused and we can't talk to our friends about it the way that you girls can."

"We kind of carry our shame around with us. What matters most to us is knowing in our hearts that you ladies will be there for us when we know that we have really screwed it up big time. Which we do a lot."

"It takes a really strong woman to take a man back after he has cheated. Don't you agree?"

I nodded my head to him as I realized his words rang true in my heart. Seeing the situation from a love point of view instead of an ego view. His voice grew weak from his COPD..

All of this was making sense to me now. He held me until I stopped crying and we went for a long walk around his neighborhood together. Just me and my Dad. I felt like a little kid again I was so happy.

I am so glad that this gave us the chance to bond the way we were always supposed to. As I looked up to him in gratitude, I saw my own blue gray eyes shining back at me through his soft kind eyes. My dad is a real Mr. Darcy. I admire him. How can any mortal man ever compare to him in my heart. *I don't know.*

He was as happy as I was about having a special day together.

As we walked, he subtly reminded me not to make the same mistake that he did by just giving up and walking away the way that he did that day that he left us with me crying in the middle of the road as I watched him drive away in that beast of a car.

He just completely quit trying with my Mother in their relationship and didn't want me to follow in his footsteps by becoming a quitter myself.

Without even knowing it I realized I was already a quitter too. Always have been. *I always walked away..* I can recall a dozen more times in which I walked away from relationships.

I was always so ready to move on with Mitch that I didn't really worry about if we were going to make it the long haul. Even though neither of us knew what perfect love was. We only knew what our parents thought it was when they each passed their beliefs down to us.

When Mitch broke up with me I would go out with someone else and when he came back I would end it with the other guy. I really just wanted someone that could love me for me.

Someone that I could be myself with. Someone that didn't judge me all the time and someone who's mother could keep all her opinions about me to her damned self! There was one guy in particular I cared about and let everyone else get in the way of our greater connection.

Somewhere deep inside of me there was a sign that blinked over and over again that said *Just walk away*. Again and again I walked away just the same way that my Dad did.

He said that he didn't want to see me just pack up and walk away the same way that he did with both of his past wives so he continued to talk to me.

He asked matter of factually “*Isn't it worth a little pain for true love? You brought him up here to have a life with him didn't you? For the good and the bad times?*” and I shrugged my shoulders at him like a moping child.

I suddenly feel like I am imprisoned by my love for Jackson. He had hurt me before I ever hurt him. I don't like feeling this way. Every tear has a different story down my cheek.

Daddy could see my anxiety. I don't like feeling weak and vulnerable at all. He was the only guy that I would ever let him see me like this. A total love train wreck.

And especially not being like this around my Dad and his new family. His walking away caused my mom to be suspicious of every guy that she met and tried to date after him. It changed her whole life. It changed her whole perception of men. She never could completely give her heart to anyone else but daddy.

I decided not to mention Jackson again for the rest of the evening because clearly he was a weakness for me that I just didn't want to think about and I didn't want to go and get all emotional on Dad like that again during dinner.

I tried to compose myself. It sure feels good to have a Dad. I missed so much time with him. He didn't need the headache with Nine other kids to worry about.

In the greater scheme of things I was now just small potatoes and at long last I was okay with that.

My Step Mother invited me to stay for dinner.

She was also a master cook in the kitchen and had already started setting the table with fragrant Sour Dough Bread and other delectable morsels of food that literally made my mouth water as I inhaled their yummy fragrance on the table.

I had never tasted Purple Hull Pea Jelly before on sour dough bread but after tasting it I am hooked. I never knew I would love it so much!

How can something so weird looking and so country sounding taste so good? I couldn't believe it! It is marvelous! Best thing ever!

They invited me back for a celebration on Labor day but as it is I will most likely be spending it alone. Summer for me has already lasted more than long enough thank you very much.

Now that I know how to make it I must use this beautiful and delicious recipe at once, as soon as I find the ingredients locally.

Was it or wasn't it worth it anymore to wait to be with Jackson? He was supposed to be moving away but why is he hesitating leaving with her? Who could say at this point? I dearly valued my Dad's opinion but I still doubted that Jackson could be sincere to me when he said that we might be able to still work things out.

Did he only want me after I had started seeing someone else? What is wrong with men that do this?

Dad asked if I wanted to stay the night but I decided to take the long drive back home just going slow and thinking about what he had said to me. And so when I got home Dad had me call him to make sure I got back here okay. Then I thought about a lot of stuff.

Tossing this and that around in my mind. Mostly about my Dad and what joy he had always brought me. I missed him so much over the years not being with him.

You just don't know what it does to a child to not have their Father around them growing up. Especially for an only child because it affected my whole dating life not having a Dad around to protect me from the bad guys. And each in their own way, they were all bad guys.

As a child, my Dad was my whole world. He would come home after working Ten hour shifts and find the time to spend with me and play games, build, and fly kites and do all the things that Dads are most treasured for.

He would never say things to me like “I don't have time, or I'm too busy” like Mom did all the time and he never complained of being tired, even when I knew that his bad knee bothered him.

When he left it felt like my whole world collapsed. Everything that I knew as right and good in the world just slipped a little bit more out of my reach.

I admired my Stepmother's gumption. She was like a lumbar jack. I noticed ever so quietly how she doted on my Dad and pampered him in ways that my Mother never did.

Now I understand why he had to leave my mom.

I watched her working all the way through dinner. Watching her pamper him like this with such a gourmet smorgasbord of food in a way that had so much meaning in so many different ways.

Her love for my Father showed tenderly in her hands in the way that she was cooking for him instead of the way my mother rushed her way quickly through cooking every meal.

Or Mitch's mother; which reminded you the whole way through dinner of how hard she worked and slaved over that hot oven for hours so you ended up thanking her no less than thirteen times every time before leaving her house to control the mood.

I admired the way that my step-mom delicately rolled out the different pie doughs and kneaded them. Each one took up it's own form of artistry. It made me realize that *I don't really know how to cook like "this" at all.* But I wanted to.

This wasn't even like cooking at all. It was effortless. Like magic. Not only that but I also wanted this kind of affection for myself between me and the man I love. I realized that I haven't ever had this kind of peace and contentment in my relationships. The guys I dated couldn't sit still for five minutes.

Each guy I had been with was the walking wounded and had some sort of emotional turmoil going on in his life from a past hurt, undying love for an old flame, or family problem to deal with that never went away.

I wonder if things would have been different if I had done things differently with any of them. Not sure what I could have done differently other than try more. Which I probably wouldn't have done anyway.

Mom had a very minimalist way of life and passed the trait down to me I guess. Before moving up here I cooked to live. Now I live to cook! Mom microwaved soup never giving much time to anything else except the microwave as it was her lifeblood of appliances.

Hurry to work, hurry to school. Rush, rush, rush. My Stepmother on the other hand took her time, going into great detail with every meal that she made for her and my Dad. Every item on the table was a masterpiece. A canvas delicately laid out in front of us like a food gallery. I missed this about my Grandmother; who took her time when she cooked. She kind of reminded me of my Grandmother in some ways.

I hated to admit it to myself but I am now living inside of my own Pride and Prejudice novel because all of the misconceptions that I have had for my Step Mother all of these years were completely unfounded.

All along she just wanted me to be happy. No point sulking over it at the family dinner. She called Jackson- Mitch thinking I was still with him. I forgot to tell them that I was with someone else now. It was an innocent mistake. Could happen to anyone. In fact a lot of my family did it.

But that's okay with me, after all, they were now the same type of man to me. Mitch and Jackson. Two lying, cheating, peas in a pod.

Step Mom wasn't at all the the type of woman Mom always made her out to be. I left her home tonight with a whole new perspective on my Step Mother and how she really did love my Dad. Seeing him happy was enough for me.. It put my tired heart to rest where she was concerned.

Today is a good spiritual day for me. I am making progress on my road to ascension. We were going to have the talk about Jackson coming back today but we didn't. We had a different talk instead. I want the kind of love that my dad has and I don't want to settle for less.

I told him my point of view of the situation and I thought it would be best if I moved on and forgot him.

Again my best efforts disintegrated before my eyes.

I know I told daddy I would try with Jackson but this lie of a relationship is nothing like my father's. Don't keep beating around the bush and wasting my time. I have inner callings of my own to sort out right now. I can't keep waiting on these childish guys to grow up, I'll be old and dead before they do.

You see, my shaman circle in Florida represented more than just my freedom from attachment or becoming ordained spiritually.

It represented a part of my mortality upon this earth as well. Leaving this earth the same way I came to it. Fresh, happy , and most of all...free.

So I took his silence as a gift of *change* for me. I think I have been a good sport. I will go home and think on it ending a little more.

Yes. I have decided to give him up completely! I love him but he is just too tangled up in her to see straight right now. Mitch always put me on the back-burner.

No man should do this to a woman. Ever! I am moving on with the positives in my life without a man.

His silence helped me to make up my mind on this subject more clearly. I have gone over it in my mind a thousand times and I just can't keep putting myself through this again and again like I did with Mitch. His "I love you" one minute "I need my space away from you" the next.

This feels like filling my heart with a sort of giant shining rainbow after the storm.

The home of my soul felt safe and at peace. It wasn't a decision I made in haste. *I told him he SHOULD be with her and has got to start to try and leave me alone for good because I am done. He has got to get her to start doing all of these things for him and he needs to stop depending on me if he is going to be with her because he can't depend on me once I am with someone else.*

I can't do it any longer. I can't be there for him while he is with her. No other guy is going to tolerate me driving Thirty miles just to give him rides to work and stuff.

Not that I would but still. I felt myself being so wise and so filled with love for him I let him go and knew then that I am doing the right thing for the both of us.

He can start his instant cup-a-soup family with her and I can continue with my writing and my other jobs and go back to the beauty in my life.

No more sadness and no more tears. Just a calm feeling of love and peace. It is my story. This is how it will be written.

A true Goddess knows when it is time to walk away. Jasmine Tea and Calgon bubble bath are my strength and my medicines to get through this.

I have learned some good lessons here. And I feel so deeply loved by the Universe right now. I am willing to be his friend and help if need be but I am going on to write my books and publish them myself.

It will be a type of memoir of the hardships I have faced to get me to this one turning point in my life.

I am much braver. Much stronger. Much more prepared for a loving relationship to come to me and I will reflect this inner light out to bring the man I love right to me. The next man I am with will be my soul-mate. I know this for sure.

For breakfast I splurged and made myself some beautiful Crème Cheese Blintzes with Strawberry Syrup. They look as if they should be in a magazine from the Food Network they are so pretty. Had I not been so hungry I would have snapped a picture of them to show you.

I lost myself in the warm delectable flavor of them.

I could probably eat a dozen or so of them without being stuffed. Were it not for cooking, I would not know what to do with myself these days. I have tried writing but now my poetry has taken a turn for the dark side. Guys write to me still lingering over from the personals ad but now I don't want to date. I should have given the money to charity instead. I'm not going out with any of them.

I feel calm and centered and I do not really have time to date someone else right now. Shimmering pink and purple skies overheard remind me again of things going right for me. Tired of being on the defensive.

For lunch I had everything already placed out onto the table and then left the room for a phone call and when I came back there was nothing left of my lunch. The dog got up onto the table and jerked it all down onto the floor and had every last bite cleaned up before I got back to the kitchen. Live and learn baby. *Live and learn.*

I feel more changes taking place inside of me. A shift is happening. I can feel it. I am looking forward to more good stuff happening to me. Less focusing on the bad stuff.

As I lay back on my empty picnic blanket Mother Earth embraces me and cleanses me. I take a deep breath and inhale the exotic scent of the lush meadow and the honeysuckle. I am conscious. I am awake.

I give love back to the Universe for giving me this wonderful day.

I feel as if I could climb to the top of the mountain but there is no rush to get to the top. But rushing without preparing will only make me feel stuck. I could trip over boulders. I could run out of energy.

I could run out of water half way and then not have enough to nourish myself properly. Slow and steady is my new motto.

I am becoming more and more back to normal. I spent the whole majority of the evening doing my hair and my nails then meditating deeply. I am at peace. Feeling beautiful in my heart from all that has been holding me back from my progress.

All of the dark heavy energy of my past has been replaced with loving white light. I feel the longing to connect with the beloved. I want to love and feel love in return. I am open to the Universe.

I feel such happiness in my heart. The Universe will take care of me and provide all of my needs for me. Everything I need and want will come to me in the right time and place.

No more fear, inadequacies, or worries about being alone. No more black hole relationships. I put on my boogie shoes and was drawn to a new place and felt I owed it to myself to further investigate it. Letting go of my fears and coming out of my comfort zone long enough to explore other areas near my town..

I drove to a few of the local farmer's markets, and after that I did some shopping at the mall, some of the racks looked nice but nothing inspired me to blow a large wad of cash in there. I decided at the last minute, just as I was approaching the red light to come home, to go to the dance club down the road and dance for a while instead.

I haven't been out dancing in years since Jackson didn't like to dance and it would be nice to just spend the whole entire night having fun. I have no schedule tomorrow since it's my day off and it seemed like a pretty nice little place. Something encouraged me more and more to go inside.

As if by some divine intercession I turned into the parking lot. I didn't go prepared so I was just wearing some frayed jean shorts and a cute blue one piece body suit with sneakers.

I was ready to drink a few beers and look to see what the Big City night life was like here in the back woods.

I went into the dance club by myself and I had gotten my first Budweiser halfway swizzled down, and it had only been there about Twenty-Five minutes or so when these two guys kept looking at me from across the room.

Looking at the new place as a chance to calm myself down a bit and remember that I am here to have fun.

Then, after politely smiling and watching in their direction, the two guys got up and came over to the stool that I was sitting on while I was thinking to myself "Uh-oh, here comes some fun" and as I watched him walking towards me, I felt a warm delicious feeling melt it's way down my spine and my legs making them weak. If it is one thing that I am it is a sucker for a beautiful smile and a smoldering set of eyes and honey he had it all!

I wondered if the tall brunette was looking at me or if he was coming to talk with someone else that was sitting close to me or behind me.

There was no way to know for sure. I was too afraid to turn around to see if it was someone behind me so I just tried to play it cool and pretend like I wasn't noticing him but that was pretty hard to do because he was gorgeous. You know.

Mr. Fitzwilliam Darcy kind of gorgeous. Dark brown smoldering eyes. The strong silent type. My awareness perked up as I watched him walking toward me.

I love a guy with a nice smile. And pretty white teeth.

I couldn't take it any longer and so I looked around but there was only me on the stools so I took a deep breath and silently prayed "Let him come right here please" to the great beyond as he smiled at me through that most beautiful smile I had ever laid eyes on before.

As he looked at me with those shining brown eyes I felt giddy and a little tipsy as he said "Hellooo" to me. I tried to speak but mostly muttered to him as I felt my head spinning with delight. Wow.

It has been a while. Be gentle with me. Although I am experienced and far from naïve' when it comes to men. I try to focus more on possible friendship than on meeting some random guy for a sex romp.

As I drank my beer he looked at me seductively telling me that I looked pretty tonight.

I politely said thank you to him as I got caught up in those chocolaty brown eyes watching me move. He acted as if he was ready to pounce on me like a panther. Easy boy. Let's get to the names first.. I think to myself.

I felt warm and tingly all over! I swear that I got so hot from just looking at him that he nearly melted me to the stool that I was sitting on. His comrade kept talking to me politely as I sent him "Not interested" signals. He was a real nice guy but I was already lost to his friend. I also noticed that my guy had strong sexy arms, and a tight muscular chest and the most awesome dark eyes.

I breathed in the sexy masculine scent of his cologne as and it was enough to really arouse my passion. Whatever it was that he was wearing, he really got his money's worth because I couldn't stop smelling him. Yummy!

He was extraordinary! And so sexy. He asked me if I wanted to dance. I said yes. That's half the fun when meeting someone at a club is dancing and also maybe getting to know them a little better.

I have given up the need to know why things happened the way that they did, given up the need to worry about my past.

I have given up on any exes and any person named or not named Jackson because Jackson does not exist to me anymore. From this moment on there is no Jackson because I have detached myself from him and his poisonous scorpion sting.

I thought to myself "this is so awesome" as I paid attention to Adonis while I swizzled on my beer as I contemplated the J names. Wishing I was wearing my stripper heels right now instead of sneaks.

I'm not afraid of alcohol because I can hold my liquor like a Russian Sailor holds vodka and I've got the tired liver to prove it.

So we held hands and then danced and we danced. No more limitations. I used to love dancing a lot. He was a perfect gentleman if that was possible in a dance club. Although I noticed that a few times he looked down at my breasts and licked his lips as if to say "oh yea!" And I'm thinking "oh yea!" to myself.

Hours and hours went by and we were really dancing up a sweat. I felt completely comfortable with him and liked the way he was touching me so then we kissed.

I wasn't really sure how far I wanted things to go with him. Also not wanting to be labeled a tease on my first night out.

At the intense moment between us, I felt his fingers come up from the side of me slowly, touching my upper thigh softly with a most delicate touch, as if playing. I arched responsively against him in the semi-darkness, almost losing what was left of my resolve.

He made the first move. We started to slowly kiss and touch one another through our clothing to the rhythm of the music around us, not really noticing who watched us, because we were busy watching them as well in the large wall sized mirror. That was so intense. Like fans at a football game watching the halftime events on a wide-screen.

He was wearing a button down shirt with three of the top buttons left open so I could get an occasional peek inside of his shirt at his muscular chest and faint swath of hair that covered it. Mmmm dreamy.

The Guggenheim museum didn't even hold such treasures as good as this did.

Again and again his fingers softly touched me over and over until I was so close to melting like fondue that I was almost begging for him with the tingling inside of my body growing almost unbearable.

I don't think he had any idea of what he was doing to me? It was such sweet torment. I wanted to take him home yet at the same time to keep some sort of saneness about me.

Being raised in the South I wasn't completely sure of the protocol of meeting a guy at a club. First base works fine for me here in public.

By this point he had teased me to near the point of insanity. When he touched me on my inner thighs, it felt like firecrackers were about to go off for the Fourth of July.

Now I know why I didn't go on any of the dates with any of the other guys that had asked me out in the past month. I would have missed my chance to meet this awesome guy!

He is such a stark contrast from what I am accustomed to. We talked about all sorts of stuff and he said that he lived in my town too.

I have been here since 1997 and had never even seen him anywhere in any of my outings before. Even considering it is a small town.

How could this be I wondered to myself. I would have surely remembered him if I had seen him somewhere around town before. When he started talking about his son, you should have seen his how eyes got this light in them. He was beaming with joy as he talked about him. His companion, and I continued talking then discovered that we are cousins through some marriage somewhere. I believe it was along the lines of his Aunt is married to my Uncle. Been here Three years already, don't know a bloody soul, and pick a random club out of my hat miles away from home and meet a long lost cousin there. ONLY IN TENNESSEE.

So after a few more drinks and I started relaxing, my inhibitions left me a little more with each of his kisses when he slid his tongue in and out of my mouth flicking it ever so slowly over my lips to tease them and moisten them, making my body tremble at the same time. *A man reveals his character through kissing.*

I pictured what that marvelous tongue could do upon the rest of my body. Je' de vive! We hung around together talking all night so I drank some sodas and ate some bar food to calm back down. I didn't want to lose my head with the first guy that danced his way into my view but this guy is genuine. He is the real deal.

Let's face it. I 'm not taking a guy home from a bar in a town where I don't know anyone.

He was starting to look pretty hungry for me and seemed to be quietly holding back his passions from other prying eyes, and keeping himself in check for both of our sake.

He seems like a man that has so much passion that it could burst right out of him at any moment if he ever released it upon some lucky girl. But he seems like the type of guy that always keeps himself neatly in check. Reminds me of myself in that aspect. Good thing I wore the wonder woman iron chastity belt of safety in case of such an emergency... to keep my womanly virtue intact.

For a moment, I wondered what it would be like to be with him in that way, to be the one that tapped that passion button and watched it build inside of him to just near bursting. He was so tender and gentle. Every part of me cried out to his touch. His fingers, like angels playing the harp-strings of my heart as he touched me.

Passion flowed between us. Was he this passionate all the time? I was used to a prude in the bedroom that wouldn't even let me watch him get dressed.

After five years together Jack still covered himself with a towel whenever I walked into the bathroom. This was such a marvelous change.

Today is such a great day. He had such a warm and inviting smile. Even still. I couldn't lose my head. Even though his scent, his touch, his kiss, the deep arousal being clearly evident in his voice as he talked to me, canceling out all others around us.

He told me he didn't want to just meet a girl in a bar. He wanted to get to know me outside of this place. I said heck yea! So I would be going home alone tonight.

So after things cooled back down the place was about to close and the moment came for us to say our goodbyes. He walked me outside and told me to be careful on the way home. He hugged me and kissed me goodnight.

So I put back on my little cloak of invisibility and made my exit from the parking lot possibly before I changed my mind.

Later....

Here I sit alone typing this entry in the middle of the night in my baggy pink jammies while some other lucky ...and probably... ugly girl takes home the man of my dreams.

I have been broken up for over three months so it is time for me to look ahead to better things in my life. I don't want a *sexual* relationship or a *friends with sex benefits* thing. I want a simple boyfriend/girlfriend relationship.

I like the fluffy boyfriend and girlfriend stuff. I like the hand holding. I like it when the guy opens the door for a lady because there aren't enough gentlemen anymore. I like kindness and compassion in a guy.

I want to feel passion again. I want to feel my lover's body behind me while we cuddle and spoon together. I want to wake up and make love. I want to make love before going to sleep every night. I am a loving person and I want a loving person in return.

I am going out of my mind. As much as I tried not to think about him all night, his sexy scent is still so strong on my clothing, so I laid down hugging my shirt because it smelled just like him. *Good night shirt that smells like Adonis. And Good Night Adonis wherever you are.*

I have come home, put on my jammies, and made myself a frozen pizza in a desperate attempt to not think about sex, which is similar to not thinking about pink elephants because as soon as you are told not to think about them it is the very first thing that you do.

I could meditate.

I could chant mantras. I could think of hundreds of things to do instead of thinking about having sex with him but I just can't do it. Smiling to me with that beautiful smile.

His deep masculine sweet musky scent was on me all over like a jungle cat, marking me and my clothing like a panther would.

He even walked carefully like a panther. If I were to compare his eyes to that of a polished stone what color would they be? Onyx?

I can't will myself to stop thinking about him. His kiss. Those lips devouring me.

Those hands moving nervously up my thighs. Returning my awareness back to writing in my journal then reading Jane Austen. It is back to just me and Mr Darcy and he is like an old and trusted friend.

I take comfort in his romantic reverie as I remember myself and my level head for a moment. Attack of the guilty pleasures anyone? Don't mind if I do. Hot chocolate and Darcy.

With a touch of mixed emotions of even trying to start a new relationship right now with work and everything going on. I have a large writing assignment due next week and it is novel length. Be still my poor fingers stop your bellyaching already.

When will I have the time for romance? For playing and having fun? Oh Mr. Darcy, what should I do now? I wish Mr. Darcy was a real person. He could start his own Dear Abby for sullen lovers such as me.

After falling asleep I dreamed of what could have happened between us. We walked out to my car, drove to my Tudor style brownstone and once we arrived we then left a trail of clothing all the way from the front door to the bedroom. Leaving my stiletto heels on he gave me a mouth watering kiss and in unfastened my bra from the back and let it fall down loosely on the bed. His hands crept around slowly to my my bare breasts and traced tiny circles around my nipples as I tilted my head back in delight.

There is something so intense about making love with
a passionate guy.

He leaned down and replaced his finger with his warm tongue, making my nipple pucker as he teased it. I let out a small “Mmmmmm.”

In my dream we resembled a young, trim and toned couple in a porno movie and not the normal us. Even though we are both gorgeous.

From the look of him I couldn't tell at all that he was a mechanic, in fact, he had the tight ripped body of a male underwear model. God!

And his hands were baby soft as they touched mine. Looking at his physique really turned me on. I couldn't stop looking at him.

Jackson was a bit of a prude when it came to the love making department. I want better. When our love life dwindled down to only four times per month I knew I couldn't take it. Just then he reached down and pulled the strap of my garter and it popped firmly on my rear cheek turning it bright red.

Our reflection showed softly in the mirrored headboard as he placed his hand down across my tender cheek again telling me that I had been a very naughty girl for teasing him and he was going to punish me for it by slapping my behind as I squealed with glee like a teenager receiving a birthday spanking.

He then bent down and tenderly kissed the red areas where he had just spanked. “Mmmmm”

There is something about the look of a man right before he makes love that drives me wild. They are so determined yet at the same time so vulnerable. It's that look that sets me on fire. That spark in his eye.

And that strained yet innocent look on their face. The way his body responds to the slightest touch of my fingers along his abdomen.

The way his lip quivers with my touch. His beautiful soft hands folded me into them and then he whisked me down on the red and gold Moroccan duvet, flinging it away from us with a quick thumpfh, revealing the crisp white linens beneath.

By the time our bodies embraced my skin was almost burning to the touch. I drank in his beauty and then our bodies to come together again and again as both sage and muse.

His moans met with my own as his fingers traced all over my body slowly. My lips parted and he drove fiercely into me; our bodies exploding like firecrackers in each others embrace.

Bbbuuzzzzz..... You've got to be kidding!

The humming of the alarm clock both shocked me with a start and drew my eyes open to discover it had all been just a wonderful and fluffy sex dream.

I feel like I have been shot in both the head and in the heart. I checked myself for a pulse to be sure I was still breathing. Okay I am still alive. At least for now.

Yes, I realize that it is 1:12PM in the afternoon!

I thought about it for a minute hoping that he too
hadn't been just a dream before remembering oh yes,
he was very real wasn't he.

I tell you I got home so late last night, my dogs
almost ate me up and were rowdy and crazy when I
stumbled in the door drunk as a skunk tripping over
my own two feet, reeking of bar smells, cigarette
smoke, and smelling like a guy I had been in an all
night orgy with.

I guess I smelled like a strange man to them because I
had to turn on the light so they knew it was even me..

I managed to get them to be quiet. My heart is still
ticking like a time-bomb in my chest. It could go off
at any time now. I don't know if it was from the fear
of being eaten by my dog or from meeting him.

I can't even focus my eyes or keep my hands steady
long enough to write anything legible by hand. All I
can think about is sex. Over and over again like a
silent movie on repeat. Sex. Sex. Sex. Warm and
yummy sex. Sex on the beach. Sex in a hammock.
Sex in the water. Sex in a car.

Sex, Sex, Sex! I tossed and turned and kept thinking
of him and just couldn't get those visions of him
naked out of my mind.

It was frigging awesome! I wonder if he had any similar sex dreams about me? I hope so because they were amazing. He was amazing. I was amazing. We were both amazing! Hell, the whole darned world was having sex in my dream and we were all frigging amazing! I really hope he didn't go home with someone else.

Much Later in the Evening:

I am so frigging hungry so I drove to Olive Garden for Dinner.

There wasn't a large crowd and I followed the Host in single file to my seat. *"Would Madam like a booth?"* he asked sounding rather French instead of the Italian that I was expecting from him so I giggled while thinking to myself.. *Madam would like a cup of sex and don't hold back on that French accent because me likey very much.* And no, I didn't pick up the waiter. Lol.

But for now I will have to settle for some soup. I love their Soup and Bread sticks so I already knew what I wanted before I even ordered. *"Would madam like a menu?"*

He handed it forward to me even before I could say no to him. Ahh. The strong forceful type. I could imagine talking like that all of the time. Or even better, having a man cooing to me like that in French all the time.

Some women would pay for a man that accent!
Madam is going for a walk, Madam is making dinner.
Madam is doing this.. Would Madam like to make
with the love now. Lol. Oui, Madam sure would cest
vous ples.

The warm soup and beautiful trilling accent eased my throbbing mind and for a minute of Adonis and I thought about what had happened last night while I sipped from my long silver spoon. It danced around in my mind like a record put on repeat.

I am so lucky! I have found the greatest guy in the world right here in my own hometown. That's how it should be. However, I wouldn't let my expectations ruin it for me.

“*Would Madam like another roll?*” the waiter said and sat fresh baked basket of bread on the table.

Madam sure would. I tried to think but sadly I couldn't remember enough Jr. High French to order more soup in French. Drat. I will have to start studying it again.

He looked authentically French from France, which is the coolest place on earth for lovers and writers.

After dinner, *Madam* felt quite full, and I was in pure heaven with my thoughts when all of a sudden this woman and four screaming kids came to sit down right in front of me. Oh you have to be joking lady.

One of them turned around and kept staring at me over the back of the seat playing peek a boo at me while another began screaming at the top of his lungs and yet another got right back out of the bench seat and began wandering around picking up people's knives and forks off of people's tables as comfortably as if they were his own.

The mother, calmly ignoring the whole lot of them kept acting as if he was invisible. I give her credit for being completely oblivious to the rest of us trying to frigging eat our food.

I momentarily considered kidnapping them to sit with me in my booth just save them from their own mischief and their careless mother while she let them run amok.

I am finding things to do on my day off to keep me busy. After dinner At Olive Garden I went back to the club for more dancing. *He wasn't there. Or at lest I didn't see him if he was.*

I was sitting there for about an hour just relaxing, sipping my bottle neck and wiggling on my stool to the music when I notice this guy staring at me on the next four stools over.

I subliminally sent “Don't come near me- Don't come near me!!!” signals to every guy in the place.

I looked around everywhere but didn't see my mystery guy Adonis anywhere. I guess that he doesn't come here very often? Or maybe it was a one time deal. I wish he was here right now.

As the evening grew on I felt my chances of seeing him again sinking more and more. Anyway, I look around more and here a guy came at me like a bullet being shot from out of a gun.

On no not again. I need to go home. **No!** I wanted to survey the action then cruise around looking more first but if you have a real chatty guy with you from the start it cuts your man chances of mingling in half right from the get go.

Don't want to say later *"No I am not with this guy."* or something equally lame such as *"we are only friends"*

So the guy asked me if I want to dance or do some jello shots with him. I say no thanks. He doesn't really get the message and there is just no nice way to say Go Away!

Telling an ugly guy no thanks is like trying to stop an elephant from eating peanuts! Nobody is doing jello shots off of that guy's belly.

And he's damned sure not doing them off of mine! Not now or in the near future.

Life is cruel like that when you're a hot bitch. There is no-one dancing and I am not going to be the only one out there dancing with a guy wearing bright white knee socks with flip flops.

Where does he think we are? Margarita-ville? There are just some things you do not do fashion wise and that is one of them.

I draw the line at flip flops in a hip hop club. I had the strong urge to call the fashion police on this guy and get him arrested, but I just looked away instead.

I hope he doesn't make me get crazy on him. I don't like crazy. I have given more than one guy in my life a black eye and a busted lip. God is my witness ladies, I will never be that drunk.... Ever..... Do you hear me? Lolz.

Anyway, he talks to me for almost a quarter of an hour about his wife and how bad that he has got it at home before I say *"Well, nice meeting you, have a nice life and good luck with all that stuff you've got going on"*

First of all we've all got it bad at home, that's why the heck we are all here in the first place. So I don the cape of invisibility and make my escape and don't see him again for another blissful three hours. Thank God.

While I am sitting there, three or four good beers later, I notice this cute guy, that looked alone, I watched him quietly.

I couldn't tell if it was *Adonis* or not sitting across the room from me.

OMG I have a disease now that every guy I see looks like him! I need to either have my eyes checked for bifocals or have my head examined.

Did he just motion for me to come there? What if it wasn't him??? Was it *Adonis*? I chose to ignore the guy. I need glasses, what can I say. Well, if it was him then I screwed it up because I'm not sure. In the dark I just can't tell. We all look the same under black lighting.

I wish it was him. By this point I am getting a little buzz going and I couldn't really tell if it was him or not. *Maybe I am seeing things.*

Every guy I see now reminds me of the beloved. Surely if this one was him he would come over and talk to me?

Maybe he was waving to someone else? I look around and there is a lot of women behind me.

It could have been any of them he was waving to and maybe not me. I keep looking around after him and find this nice guy dancing with two drinks; one in each hand.

I thought that was pretty cute and looked like something I might do so I asked him if he and his two drinks wanted to dance with me and my two drinks.

He seemed harmless enough. Safe is the better word here. Which was perfect for me right now. Safe is what I need. No sexy feelings. No chemistry. No lust. Just innocent friendship with no expectations.

I wish he was here. So anyway, we danced for four songs then went outside to talk.

He wasn't Keith Sweat "Let me love you down" cute or anything like my Adonis was so I felt compelled to keep my mouth shut and focus on nothing but dancing.

No hand holding. Stiff like a robot. No kissy mouth. No tongues. No touchy fingers. No flirting. Just friends. That's it. I can't go back. I've been robbed by those brown eyes and I am afraid it has ruined me forever. It has more than ruined me.

Whatever comes after being ruined that's what I am now. Far down the road and back again ruined. Nothing compares to those eyes. I am a wicked wicked soulless woman. I only want what I want. *Where's my Adonis?*

My new friend and I talked for majority of the night and sadly, he is in the same boat I am but his Ex cheated then left and married the guy she cheated on him with. Talk about weird science.

He said he couldn't eat for days and cried all the time over it. Wow we are frigging twins separated at birth. He could be my brother. Probably is.

I told him that we were both very fortunate to be free of the torment that they put us through. So we laughed at the situations we were in and drank a little more before going back inside and then coming back inside later and dancing a lot more.

We danced and we danced. He asked me what I was doing afterward and I told him nothing. He invited me to breakfast at IHOP--dutch of course.

And by him saying that I knew I could pay my own way and take my own car without any lingering expectations later on either of our part. No hard feelings little dude. I'm just not that into you.

Which was perfect because I had already met my dream guy and he just couldn't be topped. *Not by anyone.*

So, we drove to IHOP down the street and all the other people from the club were there eating at the same time too. It was hysterical.

He had the Sausage Gravy and Biscuits and I had the Cheese Blintzes with Strawberry Sauce. I won't lie, I have a big apatite. I had an extra Hash Brown on the side because I was extra hungry. Worked up a hunger.

Couldn't really stop thinking if that was my guy or not that motioned me over to him in the darkness.

How will I ever know unless I keep coming back just to find him again.

Tried to put it out of my mind because what if I never saw the guy again? “*Maam, here's your coffee*” the waitress said, snapping me back to my stone cold reality with the little dude. The hot coffee was a welcoming touch and served as a sobering bonus to a wonderfully cooked meal. I am a food connoisseur so I appreciate my food so much.

I also appreciate the people that work very hard every day in a steaming hot kitchen to cook the food and get very little as a thank you from their customers or a tip. I like to leave a nice tip for them.

Our group was some of the last parties to leave and when we all arrived at the cash register everyone gave hugs to the other people as we said our goodbyes. We had all shared something amazing. Good food and good company. Nothing better.

We shared the gastronomical masterpieces. Some foods you eat and never think of again and others you remember forever like a good friend or old acquaintance.

Who knew dancing could make you so hungry?

Or maybe it was just the munchies from partying.

We talked all the way through breakfast as we ate like people that were half starved from all of exercise. Did we seriously dance that much? Man our table was filled with plates of yummy delicious food.

One lady ordered the Spanish Omelet and I felt like I had made a mistake when I saw it. It was enormous and took up the majority of her plate. The bacon looked simply delicious.

Not burnt crispy but perfectly cooked. And we talked all the way back to my little car then agreed for another make-shift date at maybe another club next weekend. Sometimes you end up with the guy that's normal.

I told the little dude that he was very nice I didn't know whether to kiss him like a sister would or shake his hand so he decided to take the upper hand and kiss me as a brother would gently on the cheek before we parted our ways.

It was nice and simple. No head spinning. Purely platonic on every level. Nice and safe. He knows what I'm going through right now and doesn't want to distract me from it.

It wasn't warm and dizzying and didn't affect me at all the way that my Adonis kissed me. It's so funny when you feel something electric with someone right from the very start, yet with others, there is the feeling of wanting to just be outgoing and have fun, and just go along with everyone else.

I would rather become a nun right now. The gates of Ladyhawk are now closed until further notice. And you can believe that. I will devote myself to God before I ever get sucked into another relationship.

He waited by the car to make sure mine would start and that is the summery of my Saturday night.

When I got home I let the dog's out and went into my room and began reading my Romance Novel until I got drowsy. It was me and Mr. Darcy for the duration of the night. Mr. Darcy has gotten me through many a long hauls and dry spells relationship wise. Let me tell you.

While sleeping I had a dream that I was riding on a train and fell off accidentally and broke both of my legs and my arm. I felt helpless and trapped.

I was scared and alone. Beer makes you think and dream about weird shit. Remind me never to go on a train ride like that one after drinking like that again.

I think this dream had a lot to do with everything that has been going on lately so maybe some of my own inner weaknesses were starting to come to the surface through my dreams because I do feel kind of trapped here.

Okay, Isolated and alone too. It is a tough combination for a woman to be in. I prayed over it and meditated in order to connect to spirit.

As my connection with spirit deepened I became less afraid. During times of nervousness I turned to Kundalini yoga and it filled me with a sense of peace.

No longer am I trying not to think about losing my dream guy just like that. I stopped looking for love and started living love. Meditation filled my whole being with love.

Each person I was with in my past in some way I was trying to connect with the beloved through them. The beloved is inside of me and has been all along. I no longer have to try to find it outside of myself. And all of these synchronicity things are happening for a reason. The planets are in alignment now. It is a great time for me and for new beginnings. No longer trapped in my fear and doubt about the future.

I connect to spirit and the words fill the page. They flow back and forth. I am sure I am on the right path. All of my life I have connected to things outside of me and now I am turning inside and doing all of the inner work that I need to do for myself and for my own healing miracle to occur right here.

Day and night I am connecting to spirit and praying. Meditating on seeing my life with loving eyes instead of blaming or through ego.

Internal guidance comes to each of us as we need it and ask for it.

I believe that spirit works through all of us, each in our own time. And it is now my time. I am in the best shape of my life right now and I feel fearless because of it.

Each situation in our life offers us the opportunity to grow. As long as we don't allow our ego to get in the way. In my other relationships I so desperately wanted to be noticed and heard as any person should be. But those situations and those people kept me in the dark for a reason.

When I think back to that time I understand why everything happened to me the way that it did.

I could only find this real sense of peace by being by myself. No one outside of me could help me feel it.

I tried to be the best me that I could be and in return I allowed others to be themselves as well. No expectations. During the times that my ego tried to speak I let it fall away and replaced it with thoughts of love. Before I realized it, this book had almost written itself.

I understood that this kind of love isn't about romance or dating. I felt this love in being one with nature. Watching the birds. Sitting by the water's edge. Reading a book. If we allow it to be every moment can be filled with love. Every breath of air we take can be love. Every whisper. Every heart beat we have beats in total love and surrender.

Living in my new state of awareness, I went to the local market looking for some vegetables to grill for dinner and got some other groceries and was bringing them into the house and somehow I lost my keys.

You would think I would have designed something to prevent this by now like wearing them on a long chain type of belt loop or something to help me keep up with them better.

After millions of times of telling myself not to do it, I did it again and as I was looking for them Adonis called me and asked if he could come by to say "*hi*" so I said sure you can come over before I leave. I am so happy right now.

I didn't have time for a shower or a bath so I hope he likes the messy hair and the frustrated look cause that's all I've got going for me right now. No time for anything else. I have to find those keys before dark.

He said he had tried to call me a few times but I wasn't home. Really?

I triple checked the caller ID box to see and sure enough there were his calls. How did I miss them? Mmmm. He has such a sweet voice.

I told him that I had to find my keys before it got dark so I could take my books back to the library tonight since I had to be at work early tomorrow and he said that he would help me look for them.

I swear before he got here I looked for them everywhere and couldn't find them.

I have no spare set and I couldn't find them anywhere. I have the worst luck with keys. One day I'll learn.

Where the heck can they be? Oh well. I give up for now.

His friend brought him by the house and dropped him off, I didn't have the key to the gate so he had to climb over the fence, which also wasn't hard for him considering his height, so we went to my car to do the search for my lost set of keys.

It was hard for me to even worry about looking for keys when all I could think about was how wonderful he looked, how nice he smelled, and how much I wanted to kiss him then.

I couldn't help remembering how good it felt to be wrapped up tightly in the folds of his strong muscular arms as we danced. And the way he kissed me so passionately. I felt the strong chemistry between us as we talked. And I don't think that either of us had our minds on talking at this point.

Mmm he is so gorgeous. He reminds me of food. I just want to eat him up.

He admired my Daisy Duke shorts from which were kind of revealing, and I could feel his eyes warming my back side with his penetrating gaze.

I could almost *feel* his eyes on me blazing through my skin like a warm sun in the hot desert.

I leaned closer into him with our bodies touching. I got tingly all over. Good things are a coming.

He put both of his arms out around me. I loved it. The way that his fingers touched me. Mmmm very soft and very sweet. My mind was already spinning.

Then he leaned over to kiss me with his golden kiss and it was such a sexy kiss. We had been naked so many times in my dreams. Now it would become a reality for us. I could tell he wanted me as much as I wanted him. No more holding back. Running through fields of wheat.

His eyes dark and sultry with need as they looked at me hungrily, making his mouth water as he slowly and seductively moistened his lips with his tongue. Oh My!

In the warm sultry night air, as the fireflies danced around in the night sky. I held on to him as I let go of my inhibitions and so did he. His lips found their way to making contact with mine.

I felt completely at ease with him. He is so beautiful and I couldn't have felt happier. We stayed with our bodies entwined like snakes for a while. Our bodies came together as we purred like kittens. With nature as our backdrop I felt as if the bruises on my heart had healed.

I had done my soul-work and I was now ready for this. We kissed the whole night away again and this time things went just as they were supposed to between us. Nobody to bother us or watch us. As we communicated heart to heart.

Both of us laying it all on the line. I laid back, drinking him in to me like water. His body was even more beautiful without clothes than it was with clothing on.

His lips found their way to my breasts and his tongue traced circles around my nipples as shivers of pleasure raced up my spine. "You have beautiful breasts" he muttered softly to me as he played with them gently.

His fingers tracing circles around them.

I wanted him inside of me. I wanted him to look into my eyes as we made love. I couldn't wait any longer. I whispered his name to keep going as his eyes lit up with my reflection.

Grabbing my hips with his strong arms while he devoured my lips hungry with a yearning and moving my body into a more comfortable position beneath him as I urged him on again nervously. I wanted more and more of him. I could ever get enough of him.

As I arched my back he drove powerfully inside of me. I glanced down at our bodies as they joined.

Mmmmm. I savored the sight of him. His warm tender kisses kept up their loving assault upon my neck as I cried out his name again and again as he lifted me up to meet him.. Such sweet torment.

The passion never waning between us as my soft yielding flesh met with his rock hard flesh. It consumed us both in it's wake. His kisses hot, almost primal, and his sexy voice lulled me on into the great beyond. I closed my eyes murmuring for him not to stop.

He possessed me fully and completely as our bodies remained locked in our fiery embrace. Our bodies still burning hot with desire and our blood still coursing wildly through our veins.

Afterward I would have loved to have fallen asleep in his strong arms but the harsh reality of a dawning workday brought me back to reality. I had to get some sleep.

With both of us looking again he found the keys on the grass by the car. And I had forgotten all about what we were even looking for. Candles? Keys? Zombies? What keys?

All I could think of was *him* and how he looked only minutes before all covered in sweat and in the mood for love.

I watched his slender fingers hold my keys as softly as he had just held me.

I asked him if he wanted a Strawberry Swirl Lifesavers and he said politely no as he looked at me, then said his Mom ate that same kind of candy. *Serendipity at it finest.*

I looked back at him, wanting to kiss him again. Make him taste like a Strawberry swirl on my tongue..

It was already late when I dropped off my library books then drove by where he worked then drove him home so he could get some sleep for work tomorrow.

I had to work too and it was already pretty late.

He held my hand most of the way home as he talked about liking this little house that was up ahead of us. A pretty little cottage alone in the woods. I loved it.

I could almost picture him inside of it laying in the bed in the center of the room naked and waiting for me there. I stopped my ego from its future tripping for a minute and breathed in the crisp night air.

The wind caught my hair just right and blew it out the window cooling me off. For a moment it felt like we were flying through the darkness. Love isn't about who can outsmart who. It isn't about who can sidestep danger.

Love is about these moments that connect us to God. It is about these little moments shared with another person that make us feel connected.

On our own, we don't feel very divine or God-like. We don't see ourselves as perfect loving beings in his image the way we should.

We don't see that only God can make us feel complete and whole. The other person doesn't complete us if we are less than whole in our thinking or in our perception of what we think wholeness or love is.

Only through God and through loving our-self can we love another. I had to release my ego's sense of separateness from life and from love before I could move on in my life. I made the silent commitment to myself to see every situation with love.

Once we arrived at his house, we talked for a while; minutes, turned into most of the night, time no longer mattered, while he held me close, sharing something real and genuine about ourselves as we talked.

He mirrored something inside of me. It took everything I had to leave him there but we both needed some rest. It had been a long day.

As I thought of him I tried to remove my ego's desire to make him be “the one” or larger than life in my mind. This was my biggest mistake in the past as making a guy that didn't deserve my time of day into someone special.

But this guy triggered something from my childhood.

Something that went way back even farther than my first boyfriend. Something back to the days when I listened to country songs on the radio.

He reminded me of a little boy with the same name that I used to like at Church before we left here for Florida in 1975. My mother was in the Choir there.

I believe it was called Shaw's Chapel church. The boy I liked stayed right around the corner and down the street from my grandma's in a red brick house. His mom was friends with my mom. Sometimes we used to play together and go get orange flavored push pops from the corner store together.

I swear I remember my mom pulling the car up to his house and me saying hi to him.

Funny how little memories come and go through time. I am usually so good at de ja vu and if I can feel it you can be sure that it happened.

It's almost scary. Those eyes staring back at me. That handsome little boy in church patterned my entire love life for the type of man that I liked from that point on.

Dark hair and dark eyes. It was magical. Like remembering a first kiss. But sadly, we never got to that point because I moved away shortly after the push pops.

I tried to remove my ego from the picture because ego
and vanity has no place in love.

Old fearful worries came back to me suddenly as I
dismissed them.

Who knows where the time goes when your having
fun. As I was getting ready to leave, he told me he
would call me tomorrow night after work and I said
for him to have a nice day at work. His warm
presence and the fire in his eyes shines brightly into
the windows of my soul..

I wanted more and more of him. By the time I had
gotten back home, I realized by the time that we must
have talked and kissed the whole night away.

Time didn't even seem to exist anymore. I became
lost in the moment. It was so nice being in his arms. It
felt amazing.

He is every woman's dream. Kind and considerate
with a heart filled with love and a happy and smiling
face.

It was one of those moments that I wish would have
lasted forever and when it is over it feels like it was a
dream or a mirage because it was so amazing and
perfect. Love wasn't meant to be perfect. It was meant
to be real between two real people.

It is also good for me to move on with my life. Change is necessary so that people can learn and grow. I drove back slowly by the house he liked and I looked at it again on the way past it. It has a nice quality of a fixer upper for someone.

I have no expectations in this. My needs are simple and I haven't ever really needed anything extravagant in my life to keep me satisfied. How do we define love? Is the deep feeling of closeness and happiness that we feel with someone else?

Can love be defined by how much you enjoy being with someone? By how strong the chemistry is between two people? By the feeling of being genuine, authentic, and humble when you are with them?

I realize that everything I thought I once knew about love was all wrong. It was ego thinking and ego thinking ruins relationships.

And each time I made the connection to spirit I was reminded that love is my choice to give and receive.

The guys in my past couldn't complete me because I needed to complete myself. "It" wasn't inside of a man waiting to come out when I unleashed it. It was inside of me all along. And this loving feeling could come out of me any time it wanted to and so I radiated this peace outward toward everyone I met.

This morning I woke up and things were different. Things had taken a downhill swing in the worst way.

Jackson came marching back home this morning with everything that he owns crammed into his suitcases and I am still not really sure why?

Someone dropped him off along with every single one of his belongings and everything else he left here with and sped away without even telling me a hello.

I thought we had discussed this and he and his girlfriend were moving to another part of the state?

OMG this is like a dream world. I don't know what is real anymore here except myself. I can only control myself.

He just walked in the door like nothing had ever happened between us like a scene out of a science fiction movie and it caught me completely off guard. We hadn't talked about it in any way.

This confirms it. He is crazy like Mitch. Why would he wait until I am happily seeing someone else to decide to pack his bags and come back without telling me or her? Nothing can be the same between us now! What is he thinking coming back here like this with me over him?

We never talked about things working out for us. I told him I am moving away. I couldn't have been any more clear.

That didn't include taking him with me. I mean it. I am leaving this place once and for all. He knew that. I am tired of fighting with this girl over him!

I am so tired of the lies, the trickery, the deceit, and rascal-ism that covers up more lies. It has turned into a circus side show act starring him and the bitch.

He couldn't even be truthful to me one time the whole time he was sneaking around behind my back. This same mess has been going on for four whole months now. I told him a few nights ago outright that I am moving away from this place and never looking back..

I said that he can either give her up and come with me or stay behind and live here without me but I am done with all of this. He made his decision and that was that. He never spoke to me about coming back to me.

I don't want to be someone's second choice. Especially not to the man I gave up my life for and moved away with.

I had just assumed when he went back to her that he had made his decision and that we were *done!*

I told him that someone else has asked me out and I have already said yes to him because I like him and feel like we have a lot in common and we seem to like each other the same way, and enjoy similar things and stuff. He didn't care.

He didn't want to hear it. He was back and that was that. Never mind what I want or what I thought about it.

Never mind about my feelings or my happiness. He said that he has made up his mind and he thought I would be thrilled to have him back 100%.

That was weeks ago. Month's ago. And before I met someone else.

No actually I am not really happy at all right now. In fact, I am frigging furious with him now more than ever!

How can he do this to me again. Just like Mitch. Wait until I am with someone else then come back and ruin it on purpose. Blah with that I tell you. Blah. I am mad as hell right now. At him and her for doing this.

More boyfriends are not better than less boyfriends.

Gads! I stood there shocked and disappointed that he did all of this without a word of talking to me about it first.

I said *when he first left* that he could come back *if he left her completely*. But he didn't. And now things are different. I'm not interested in being with him anymore. I am done with him and lies.

We hadn't even discussed it because he really couldn't make up his mind and I really thought that it was just leading up to another one of his useless lies, or unfulfilled promises of making everything up to me one day. I don't even know what to believe anymore.

I don't even want to discuss if he stays here or not but I think that Adonis and I could really be happy together and I don't want him to mess this up for me. I really don't know the right thing to do here? I know what my heart wants. In my heart, Jackson has already been replaced. Like he replaced me. Gone. Forgotten. Bye bye.

The guys I have been with long term have always tried this ploy again and again like it is some new revolutionary tactic for them instead of being a tired and played out trick of the mind game from them.

They screw things up then come begging back to me after they get with girls that aren't what they thought they would be. Blah!

I feel really disappointed that Jackson would even want to drag me back into this mess with things not even settled between them yet. I lost myself in ego thoughts.

Is there a baby or isn't there?

Shouldn't he be buying diapers? I'm not helping him raise some other home-wrecker's child..

I told him he should be with her and the child and not come back to me. How did that get lost in translation? I told him if there is a baby I am not speaking to him again for wasting my time.

My Adonis called me this morning to see if I was okay and to see me again. He is just too amazing for words. He is a part of me now.

What am I going to do now? I want to be with him but he will never be with me now. Why can't we figure this out like adults? I want him. Jackson wants her. Jack got what he wanted twice now. He ruined everything for me when he risked came back without any prior warning.

Why don't I feel happy about it? This can't be right. Did someone tell Jackson that I had started another relationship? *They must have.* Is that really why he came back? Did one of his spies see me at the dance club and they ran to tell him that I was happy and dancing my little butt off with total strangers at the club?

Jackson said that I at least owed him the decency of telling my *Adonis* that he was now back home even just for short term just so that he doesn't try to come over for a date with me with Jackson sitting here like nothing happened at all between us.

What happened to the phantom baby? What is he going to do about that? We have a lot of crap to sort out before I decide to do anything and if she really is pregnant he is getting right back out of this house before the womb gets cold because I am sooo not interested in any custody battle. Not now or ever.

All I could do is focus on finding inner peace as it was my only solace from the despair of my ego mind.

I feel really bad too because when I called Adonis he said that he would call me once he got home but never did and now I feel really bad for losing such a great guy.

Jackson not calling and just showing up with suitcases and his keys to the front door caused me to look like a total idiot in his eyes.

Now he will never forgive me. Let's see....Choose Jackson or choose happiness. Darn you happiness for slipping just out of my reach again.

It's not that I was daydreaming or future tripping about anything between us but I did want to see him again. I had a nice time with him.

I was so happy with him. He wasn't just a fling for me. I wanted a real boyfriend girlfriend relationship with him. And a future with him if that is what he wanted with me. Now it is all gone like it never was.

I prayed over it and meditated about it but I could hear the confusion in his voice of *"What? you mean you can't see me anymore????? What are you going to do about it???"* God I just wanted to die of shame and humiliation right then. I don't know what to do! And it's not okay with me.

I would never hurt him because he is such a wonderful and loving guy.

Ego takes over again- I don't deserve him. I'm not worthy of his love.

Suddenly I hear tapping on his desk using his pen... was he even listening to me? *Say something.... Anything.* Don't just walk away from me like this. Please. Um. *Did he just hang up on me?* I think he did!

Darn it I don't know what I am going to do now. I can't even think one minute ahead. The truth is I don't know what to do. So I guess he hates me now and it looks like I am the most pathetic person in the world for breaking up with someone I just met because of an immature guy that can't even make up his mind about life.

The ego drives me in fear based thinking. I will never see him or hear from him again.

I cried all afternoon because of calling Adonis. Every time I heard footsteps approaching me I turned with one of those “Don't bother me!” Scowls on my face. Seriously. *Just go away from me right now Mr. Life ruiner. Mr. Adonis breaker upper. Love usurper. Mr. You can have your cake but I can't have any cake man.*

Sometimes in our lives we are faced with tough decisions and which we don't know the right move to make.

Now is one of those times for me. I want to do what feels right. I want to go be with him. I tried to call but he won't even speak to me. The guys he works with tell me he's not there but I know he is. Which sucks. Why do that childish crap? I know he is there. He told them. Now they all hate me too I imagine. Blah!

He must have told everyone about it by now. Ego thinks they are probably all laughing at me. *God, is nothing sacred.* It is a small town so it won't be long before they come burning crosses in my front yard..

I know how it works from past gossip experience. This person will tell that and so on and so forth. Around and round it goes like a circle. My heart just skipped a beat thinking about the backlash to come from it.

Beasts! Every last one of them! Why do all men act like this! Both of them are acting like spoiled children instead of grown men.

Am I the only one that is mature in this circle of insanity? I should join the circus for real man.

After Yoga Asanas and Kirtan I made some carob brownies. In the mood for comfort food right now. Dammit I need comforting. I stepped outside to get some air while they cooked. After my walk I came back inside to the sweet smell of brownies ready to eat.

Following them up with some bad decision juice and regretful fruit cocktail with a side touch of relationship mourning. I'm more than full now thank you very much.

Well, I am not going back to what we once had.

I have absolutely had it with this house, this town, and every last backstabbing person in it.

No offense to friends reading this of course because I don't mean you.

I have grown tired of this tiny little box of a home. I have grown tired of hedges that are trimmed by the neighbors lovingly and dip below the window level. Not that I am a hobbit or a hermit by the by I do love my privacy.

In fact it is one of my particular vices. Where I come from you just don't cut the hedges below neck level unless you are a peeping Tom or a spy.

I don't care what happens on the other side of that hedge row and I don't want to see it nor do I want them to see me in my skivvies.

I do not want to look at my neighbors whilst I am bathing nor do I want them to look at me.

Since coming here I have developed a phobia of being watched and judged.

I am quite afraid that if I do not get out of this little wooden box soon I will go stark raving mad. I am now moody and broody and I miss weekends at the beach or on the water. I miss laying in the sun and the smell of coconut oil rubbed all over me.

I have to get away from this place. Find some happy medium place some place else. And to get away from my beautiful Adonis before I go insane.

Now I see him everywhere. He is around every corner. And at every red light. His name is in every newspaper, on every movie I watch and those wickedly beautiful, dark and inquisitive brown eyes watch me at every intersection we meet at.

He married a lady with more money than common sense. And his sister in law now works at a place I go to often so there is no place I can go where there is not one tiny little molecular trace of him already at. He is inside of every star and constellation in the heavens. Every planet. Every rainbow. He has invaded every square inch of this tiny little town.

But worse than that. He has invaded my soul. And gotten under my skin like a chickenpox rash!

Before I never saw him one time in all of the years of living here.

Gads! Now I see him everywhere like my shadow. The fact that he isn't doing it on purpose doesn't make it hurt any less.

Hooray Hooray for Jackson, let's throw him a party because at least he is getting what he wants in this story, even though nobody else is.

The grass isn't any greener for Adonis with her, whomever she is. How can either of us be happy now? We are both living decisions that were made for us. So much for either of our happy endings.

I talked to a friend that drives a taxi for a living. Life for him is always filled with newness and the cadence of people climbing in and out of the taxi. New people, new locations, new itinerary every day.

He told me to pack my stuff and leave this place. It makes me miss the simple things I once had in my life.

It is the first day of Spring here in Tennessee.

Daffodils are blooming, Pansies are sprouting with life, the grass is so soft and green it almost looks like a still-life painting and not something you would dare tread on with anything other than your bare feet. Like a soft green carpet.

For only a brief moment I forget about living my life inside of this little four room box and step outside into another world.

I haven't minded staying here one bit until now.
Going out into a bigger world and the sun is shining yet I still feel miserable. I don't want to be anyone's second choice.
I want to be their first choice.

Outside, The birds are singing to their new offspring, the trees are filled with fresh new leaves and I am surrounded by the sweet fragrance of honeysuckle and jasmine growing along the fences. I grew up with these two scents in the air. I miss the wide open spaces so much. I miss the fragrance of roses.

I miss my authentic happy self that always smiles. I miss making rose petal jelly, rose water, and rose perfumes. All of the fun has been sucked from my life and I want it all back! My mind is a scattered mess and I haven't meditated in weeks.

I feel like my green thumbs are going to waste. And if I ever make it out of this little box I solemnly swear to never complain about the creatures living in the Country again because we are lucky that there are even birds here in the City. I hate it. I hate being cooped up like this. I need to get away.

Several weeks ago while visiting my Aunt J. I sampled one of her lemon ice box cakes.

Being raised in the South I have never heard of the type before but relished in it's delicate summery flavor. She told me not to worry, that everything would be fine. I told her that I hope so.

I really don't know how to move forward now. Letting lemons soothe my pain. I find them a nice change.

After my outdoor adventure I come back inside and made a lemon ice box cake and grill some lemon basil flavored shrimp on skewers.

Well, operation take back my life has begun.

I have the basil growing in the kitchen in large pots.

I have always loved growing sage, rosemary, and basil in the kitchen. Once I had a large hedge of rosemary but it didn't survive the winter even with every attempt I made at protecting it. I sheltered it and cared for it like any plant and it still died.

I tried it with sunflowers in the windows and within weeks they filled the entire kitchen windows with their golden magical beauty. Even in Winter they are a nice touch to any kitchen window.

I am slowly recovering from the disaster he caused by coming home.

After a week of this and that Jackson took me out for dinner today... I am mean and nasty like a scorned child. He and Mitch are learning the hard way *Don't fuck with my heart or somebody's gonna get hurt.*

Trying to now soften the blow of my cold hard love he took me out for a nice dinner and he ate a nice looking Portobella sandwich and a little tub of Baked Beans, his favorite, with a cup of Soup on the side. We both love lots of crackers with soup and we were both in awe when the waitress brought us a separate bowl of nothing but crackers! ~Wooht!~

I had the Steak and Mushroom Sandwich with Swiss Cheese, which was excellent. Lots of Mushrooms piled on top of the meat and two pieces of Swiss Cheese! I do love to eat. And it all looks good. But he's still in the doghouse and probably will be for a very very long time.

Another day of scrumptious eating. And cold silence. We went to another place in a different town. I ordered a bowl of Chicken Gumbo and some Onion Rings for us to share which were so big we had to bring them home with us.

The gumbo had a nice robust flavor. Reminded me of some Cajun cooking we had in Florida near the beach one time. Tomorrow, for his day off breakfast, I am making us big Biscuits and Gravy.

We seldom have enough time to sit down together and eat at our regular meal time, which is a tragedy because I love to cook. I love cooking almost as much as I love eating afterward. I have resorted to throwing myself into my cooking again in the good old comforts of home. *The more things change. The more they stay the same.*

Still no word from Adonis. I guess he is over it. I have seen his new wife in town a few times. *Living proof that money doesn't buy happiness but it can buy you a few minutes of good distraction and some nice stuff in the meantime.* His ego is as bruised as mine is now.

I can't keep running into him everywhere I go and not talking to him like this. I wasn't raised like this to make love with him one minute and act like I don't know him in front of his wife the next.

I cook Lasagna and all kinds of good stuff on weekends yet we have to always hurry to eat. This bothers me, probably bothers him too because it is the one time when you can look each other in the eye and talk about the day and actually listen to what the other has to say.

Dinner is the one time when couple's should communicate. Or at least **should** communicate. Of all the time that we have spent together, eating is one that brings us both simple delight.

Jack went to work early this morning and surprised me bigger than anything when he brought home a big roll of purple carpet and some purple curtains for the redecorating the rooms this afternoon! What's the catch to all of this decorating?

Where did he find the time to go carpet shopping? No let me guess.

No! On second thought I don't even want to know. I told him a long time ago "When we get our own house, I want one of the rooms to have purple carpet." and he said "O.K. baby, we will get some purple carpet if we can ever find it."

The other day when I was supposed to move to the Country, I got almost everything out of the room packed up and he came home tired so I had to lug it ALL back into the room because of rain and it almost killed me washing the walls to paint for four hours that day. I was spent by Evening.

I have painted so much this week that I am still smelling the paint! I think the paint has seeped inside of my pores because I can no longer distinguish the paint from my self.

Well, it is clear that I am never going to see (except in passing) my beautiful lover Adonis ever again. He is gone and I might as well face the fact that it is officially over between us and prepare myself to go back to the original plan I had before things went wonky between us. I have to move away from this place and from *him*. I am in the process of *allowing*. I am working on my own inner demons now. Forget everyone else since I can only train my own.

I feel a guilty kind of happy now. Should I be happy? Adonis is. He has a new baby on the way. How do you fake happiness? Is there a magic pill you can take to make it hurt less?

I now find happiness in carpet and paint shopping.

Jackson woke me up this morning and we ate a big breakfast, I made some Biscuits with Buttermilk in the dough! Boy were they incredible! And BIG too! Being from the South I say Yee-haw and I like my Biscuits big! Florida cracker style if you know what I mean.

It is now 6:48 PM and we made the time to talk two more times today. I have had to put my anger and confusion behind me and decided that it is for the best to just let any memory of the two of them together float out of my mind.

I could stay angry forever at the two of them or cut the spiritual cords and move on with my emotions to something better so I have chosen to cut the cords and move on.

Every now and then I have a dream about my lost lover being here and wake up sweating and breathing heavy. *I wish you were here.* I am alone in the void with my feelings.

Today was such a nice normal day. I have forgotten what normal was, boy have I missed it. I wish he was here.

Am I trying to deny my own good? Am I trying to deny my own happiness?

The new room is like being in a whole new atmosphere, it is more quiet, no pesky cars driving by honking at random neighbors.

Of course all of those things are still here but in the back of the house I can't hear them. Which is almost the same as them not existing to me at all. I am still moving. I just don't know when. Or where.

In the front room I always looked out the window every time a car went by and honked.

Now I have to learn to just "chill" in the back and be happy seeing nothing but our back field and our blooming bean vines that separates our yard from the neighbor's. Some things I have to remember: Every car going by is not his. Every horn is not his.

For an early supper I placed a blanket outside and we sipped some cold Cider with some Blue cheese and Cracked Black Pepper crackers.

I don't know who invented the idea of cheese and crackers but whomever it was had to be a genius.

And the original maker of Brie is a genius. So are the Appenzeller cheese farmers. I want my own goats and cows for making cheese with.

Michelangelo couldn't have painted a scene prettier than this.

As we immersed ourselves in the meal, something inside of us had changed. I could see the change within him but I wasn't sure as to what it was yet nor what it was that had changed within him but I was happy with the results I am seeing so far.

I know I am going to have to allow more love in because it is for my highest good. I have to get over Adonis. He's going to have a new family of his own and he's not calling me or going to come back. I have to accept it now for what it is.

There is no way for us to reconnect. Jack is looking at me and paying attention to me in new ways that I haven't seen in a long time and I felt happy and most hopeful for it to continue. It's not the same looks he used to give me. I don't know is there an I'm sorry I tried to fuck up our lives look? I find myself lowering my expectations a lot lately and trying not to give in to my ego mind. Which could be filled with worry and doubt.

However if it doesn't change I will be able to move on with my journey of life alone. No more settling for second best. No more man scraps of whatever it is that he wants to give me while I give him my all. I am done with that type of relationship. And that type of man.

As we filled ourselves, I liked to think that there is more than food going on here. The power of love is so strong it can soften even the hardest and coldest of hearts. Sometimes it is kind and sometimes it is harsh but it is always forgiving. Sometimes it is too good to be true. I am having one of those moments right now. This is wonderful. And true. Letting go of petty things that bother me.

We are moving next week to the Country and as long as I live I pray to never have to step foot back inside of this little box again.

This is my hometown but it doesn't own me. And it doesn't define who I am as a person. I have suffered hurts and loved like anyone else has.

I have learned from my mistakes as I hope others that have hurt me in the past have. I forgive them for trying to dampen out my light when it tried to shine brightly.

I will leave this place just as happily as I arrived here with no shame or remorse for loving him. My heart and my focus are still the same. No bitch can ever take that away from me. Not now or ever.

The other house is huge but is in desperate need of repairs by someone. Maybe it can be redeemable for me. Maybe I can redeem myself while I'm at it.

This has been a good little home for me. It has also taught me a lot about the word fixer-upper.

I can't handle his eyes being on me for one more minute. *I wish he was here but he's not.*

I have to let those moments slip by because it was too good to be true. I can now say I knew heaven for a brief moment but just as fast it was gone. From this moment on I am going to become more selfish. I'm going to take what pleasure I can find.

After being certain that there would be no more word from my Adonis we moved into a lovely home and being completely away from all of the drama we have decided that it is time to go ahead and tie the knot as well. Maybe we are setting ourselves up for failure but there is no going back now.

I waited to make sure that nothing else would happen with my Adonis and with Jack's phantom love child but Adonis is as gone from me as if he never was here at all. He was a good teacher of mutual love for me.

And no Jack's lovechild to be seen anywhere. I watched and she never gained an ounce of weight. I also caught her running around with another lover shortly after Jack, and I confronted her and told the guy to watch out she is scamming guys into thinking there is a baby.

I have to face the facts and forget Adonis. My own sanity very well depends upon it.

Jackson and I are both at a more peaceful frame of mind and both of us are in a better place and have jobs at a local Greenhouse.

Since we also both love flowers this is perfect for us in every way. We don't spend anything on gas, and enjoy the short little jaunt to work and back.

Takes about Four Minutes to get to work. We are happily living on a farm in the middle of nowhere. It is ten miles from everything. *Ten miles from those dark eyes and that beautiful smile. Ten miles from the stars. Ten miles from my heart.*

Two days after getting married I saw my Adonis' truck pass by and park his truck at my Aunt's house next door.

Oh god I do need my head and my eyes examined! I have tried to talk to him numerous times already and he would never talk to me.

Nor would he return any of my phone calls so I didn't bother making any special trip up the road to see her or him because what is the point?

He has made it abundantly clear that he wants nothing more to do with me now so I have to let him go.

Even though it hurts to do so. Why would he come here? I went outside and he waved at me.

Oh god why now? Why make contact with me now? It is already too late for anything else to say to me. Only two months after I got married so did he.

Moving away from him didn't do anything to separate us.

On the full moon I dream of him but have to let these thoughts go because they only hurt me. Still can't help wondering if he ever thinks of me the same as I do of him on those warm balmy nights under the stars.

I feel like a part of my soul has been cracked open. Strength of character and reality replaces love as time goes by.

On a lighter note, after years of trying we are going to have a baby. Strange coincidence isn't it. I guess I got pregnant right after the wedding night.

I have had a complicated pregnancy so far. Back and forth to the hospital to make sure everything is okay. It is a long ride there and back for false alarms.

I am the happiest person in the world! I am beaming with both delight and joy. A whole year has passed since all of the Jackson and Adonis man-drama. Now I'm a Momma.

Can you believe it? That's right I'm a mother at last!

I was worried for so long about wanting a baby. I didn't think it was ever going to happen for me and I'm so glad that it did.

Mitch talked to me before the birth and made his peace with me and I pray also with God. He apologized to me for forcing me to have the abortion when I was too young because it caused complications inside of me that will last forever.

He said he wished he could do it all over again and this time make things right by me and quit the partying.

I told him that it was enough that we both felt sorry for the choices we were forced to make by his mother when we were young, and that I forgive him for his part in it.

He told me that I was very beautiful being pregnant and I had a special glow about me.

It brought tears to my eyes. It also helped heal some of the bruising of my broken heart.

I didn't write here about the suffering that I went through with Mitch, Adonis, or Jackson and the anguish I go through every time I pass Adonis on the road.

After all of these years, my dream of becoming a Mother has finally come true. After years of praying and hoping and making baby vision boards here she is..

After Five trips to the Hospital with both complications and labor pains that got stopped, I am so glad that it gave me at least another month of time for her to grow inside of me. She needed it.

I spent Thirteen hours in labor, didn't listen to the doctor as he advised me to get the epidural because I wanted her entry into this world to be free of any side effects of the pain drugs so I felt every little twinge of it as she came unglued from my womb. Good grief what was I thinking of not getting those pain drugs. They are meant for a reason!

I have wanted a baby more than anything else in the world and I am so thrilled about having her here at last.

She looks just like me when I was young. Pretty, tiny, and pink.

Mitch called to say Congratulations to us. He said he was sorry to me for never wanting to have children. I told him that I understand but it was his choice and not mine. I wouldn't trade this feeling for anything in this world.

Holding my daughter in my arms as I feed her.

He will never know the true precious gift of this kind of love. I told him that I am praying for him and I hope he finds the happiness in someone special that he couldn't find in being with me.

We have both changed so much over the years while apart.

As I sit here at the keyboard this morning, holding my new infant Daughter in my lap, Such a precious little angel. I am in pure bliss right now. I have wanted this feeling for so long.

To be connected to another human being so closely that we are one. I wonder what kind of world is it going to be for her? I am suddenly filled with fear and panic.

She is safe here in my arms but what about later on, as an adult? Like a little flower petal beaming with newness, and chubby cheeks, and smiles.

A little over Two weeks ago someone hijacked an Airplane and flew it into the Twin Towers in New York.

It is now labeled as the worst act of terrorism in US History.

Some people are still alive, some trapped beneath Twenty feet of debris. It is so horrible that the average psyche can't even fathom it.

The outlook for survivors is growing dim. Even the rescuers are having breathing trouble from all of the dust and rubble.

I just can't believe it. I am shocked and outraged. How did we attract this sort of thing in such a loving and free Country as ours?

We are so strong, they have to attack us when our backs are turned. My heart goes out to those poor victims and their families during this time.

Before she came, I had to go once again back to the Hospital for labor pains and had to stay until they stopped and I had to lay in a hospital bed and watch that horrible scene at what is now being called "Ground Zero". So much pain.

Why didn't the President do anything to help those people?

Were the terrorists going to harm all of the Hospitals too? What about me and my baby? What would happen to us?

Never doubt for a single second that a mother will protect her child with her very life if she needs to.

This is a feeling of uncertainty that no Mother should ever have to worry about.

I prayed that the people were still alive in the rubble and are found very quickly.

The joy of bringing a baby into such a scary and cruel world as this.

Shame on the world for not having enough love in it. Shame on the people from all walks of life that have no value for human life.

Every life is sacred. Shame on any religion that promotes hate over love, death over life, and cruelty over kindness and compassion.

Never fear and never doubt...

Terrorists don't realize that America is still as strong as she ever was and she will remain strong for thousands of generations more to come.

Here in America Millions of babies are being born every day.

We will defend our shores against our enemies with every breath in our bodies. Hate filled thinking only hurts the ones thinking it.

It's like pulling a gun on themselves. The only person they kill is their self.

Love will always overcome hate just as soft will always overcome the hard and rigid; casting aside judgment and hate in the process. Welcoming in love, abundance, and kindness that is our birthright.

In the hospital bed I quickly bring myself back into loving thoughts of ease and joy.

Raising my vibrational level and letting go of fearful ego thoughts that keep me trapped by their heaviness.

I felt my energy shifting as water flows downstream. Strong and determined. Effortless.

I realigned myself with loving affirmations of safety. I wholeheartedly embraced my thoughts and beliefs in love. The world is how we perceive it and I see my world with love and kindness.

Ahhhh, Saturday! A Poem in itself. Good ole 2004.
Back to the old house we go and right back to Adonis.

Oh you haven't heard the news have you? Besides
moving back here.

Adonis sent some tree trimming mulch guys over here
to spy on me. Oh stop laughing. So I asked them for
some mulch and they gave it to me. Tempting to give
them a message to give to Adonis but too afraid.

Speaking of mulch, the mulch guys haven't been back
ever since that day. I made mincemeat out of that
mulch pile this morning! I chopped and hacked until
it is down to 1/3rd of what it was.

One of them is the mole I say. I don't know which is
the spy yet but I saw them go straight to his house
afterward. I followed them! It will soon be scattered
into the wind. Gossip travels at the speed of light
around here. You know how fast men talk.. And they
say women gossip!

My Stepmother called last night and as soon as I saw
the name on the ID box I knew what it was all about.

The very first words out of her mouth were *"This is your Step-Mother!"* (always with a hint of lemony sarcasm) *"I wasn't going to call you at all seeing how it has been Seven months and all but I thought you might want to know that your Father is getting worse. You need to come see him if you can. Okay?"* So I said okay.

You see, when you are raised as an only child, you never quite learn your place in the family circle. You stagger around at reunions like a drunk trying to find someone that you have an inkling of commonality with.

You are neither above or below fellow siblings and have nothing to go by like a road-map or atlas of life or anything else for guidance to show you the way. There is no younger or older to talk to.

There is only you. The loneliest number of them all. Aunts and uncles are your only solace here on this earth.

I learned a long time ago that with Daddy's new family that I don't even place 20th on the scale so why even bother showing up for family functions anymore? I can't even talk to him alone in the same room.

My ego flips out. Having a full time job plus a toddler I can barely keep up with, let alone driving for thirty miles just to eat with people that don't really like me in the first place makes no more sense to me than a goose.

He is MY dad for heaven's sake. Yet they swear that he is theirs.

They all had their own dad to spend time with. I want my time with my dad too.

I deserve the same privilege from them. Everyone there shows up at gatherings seemingly like who can outdo who with gifts and children.

Not one bloody one of them ever contribute to the food or expenses for **any** of these little shindigs and one of them practically lives with Daddy being a total unemployed freeloading lazy bastard.

Daddy doesn't say a word to him about it. He could at least mow the grass so poor daddy doesn't have to do it outside with his COPD.

Would they starve to death without daddy here. Who pays for all of this gourmet food anyway?

Who pays the electric bill since stepmother never worked a day in her life before. Does any of them ever pitch in on expenses for this stuff?

I love Daddy so much and I hate seeing him being taken advantage of like this! My head is spinning.

I wish I could spend time with him but somebody there has always just had a reason for the whole family to gather so there is never really any time for daddy and I to just be together like father and daughter's should be. He'll always be with me in spirit.

So Stepmother then lectures me about why we haven't had any more babies to compete with her growing herd of Thirty something Grand-kids and you never quite feel the true sting of her words until after you have hung up with her on the phone. Let me explain why.

She is one of those people that never hangs up the phone properly after talking so when you hang up the phone and pick it right back up you can still hear her bad mouthing you, which is always a laugh for me afterward.

Then she lectures me about the new kitten coming inside to play with the baby, something about didn't I know that cats take the breath out of babies when their sleeping by smothering them to death.

Who taught her this hillbilly non-sense? So I told her if that was true I would have been dead years ago because my Eleven year old cat slept most of his life away on top of my sleeping carcass when we were growing up together.

She just shrugged it off like she wasn't listening to me at all anyway. The little kitten slept with our daughter on the foot of her bed all night when it wasn't sleeping in between hubby and I. Amazingly enough, she is alive and well today and so are we.

I spent the next twenty minutes explaining to her with a Mother and a Daughter both down sick right now I am unable to go anywhere except to the store and back sometimes. Both have fevers in bed with the flu.

I love my Father but he was not there for me except the one time for me in my entire life while Mom has been right here for me my whole life.

I can't and won't leave her. And I won't choose between my parents like this.

I have been there for him the best that I can. It shouldn't be a competition as to which parent I love more or should spend more time with. I lost him once and it broke my heart into millions of pieces.

Daddy is in fairly poor shape and now unable to walk. The Doctor's have done all they can do for him.

His COPD has gotten worse. He can barely breathe. I wish he would have changed his smoking and eating habits the way mom did. I begged her and she listened to me. I wish he would have listened to me too.

It isn't pretty. The absolute worst thing about getting older and becoming an adult is finding out that your parents aren't the Superhero's you once envisioned them to be when you were young.

They become so frail and delicate. Like infants. I wish that they would cover this stuff in school instead of making us worry about school, politics, and the government.

Some memoirs are written to forget the past. And some to forgive it. I don't know which one this is yet.

Well, this is the end. Daddy died today. It was to be my first Mother's Day and I was all aglitter with happiness until I got the call.

I got to his house just in time to hold his hand and tell him that I love him then watch him slip quietly from this earth to be with the angels..

My step brothers and sisters wouldn't even allow me Five minutes with him alone to say my goodbyes to him. I expected as much from them.

They all said to me after he died "*He was our Dad too.*" I find it kind but they already had their own Dad growing up that they got to spend plenty of time with and do things with that didn't really involve everyone else sitting around watching them every time they were near the man.

God bless the sun if my father would have given me an ounce of affection or love more than he did to them.

I pondered over the situation again in my mind. They don't even realize it's like having to share a cookie with twelve other people.

Somebody is going to get left out. And that somebody is me. I am the worst of sore losers.

This makes the third life goal that went wrong for me. It infuriates me when other people take my choices away from me. It rubs me all the wrong way.

Thank God for genuine friends and my mom keeping in close contact with me right now. The hours without daddy are as long and dragged out as an Indian summer.

Jackson has a pretty nasty little itch and a rash this morning, poor thing. *It could be due to the fact that I dumped 1/4th cup of course black pepper into his clothes while they were washing last night.*

He needs to get off of his behind and get a job and stop playing video games eight hours a day while I work. He has exposed himself to me as a cheat, a liar, and a fraud so there isn't a lot to say regarding him right now.

And I would recommend this tried and true laundry treatment to any wife that has a husband that will not behave himself or try to do right by her.

The spies came by again for Adonis yesterday afternoon and sat across from the house that sits three houses down from ours, don't know what they were doing there other than looking for trees to cut for the neighbors? I have asked for the help from a friend to give them something to really talk about next time that they see him.

Men that live in glass houses shouldn't seek women wearing diamond slippers. At this point both Adonis and I are carrying great burdens of secrecy in our lives. It turns out that there is no silver lining for either one of us. I thought we had all of that mess behind us with him not wanting to talk to me anymore when Jack came back. Why bruise my heart further by making me see him.

Yesterday was a nice quiet Saturday and around 9:30Am Little fawn came into the kitchen saying something about Miss Lisa "Outside" so we went outside for a while and I noticed that it was Miss Lisa's big yard sale day. Little fawn asks her if she has anything Sponge bob related (which resembled "Sponge Bob Square Pants" and other babble more than anything) so Miss Lisa brings her a huge Sponge Bob backpack from the Daycare and gives it to her.

Well then she noticed some toys and some this and some that so the next thing you know my little three year old grabs me by the hand and drags me next door to the daycare sale. That was fun. She had a ball shopping.

Once there she finds a Teletubby hat, Barney comforter and pillow set, clothes clothes and more clothes like brand new, a small toy and a small trampoline. So I am in hock once again to the "Bank of Miss Lisa Ltd." for tomorrow's work day of making her some Christmas Card tickets for the Daycare. Little Fawn made out like a bandit!!!

My first day at my other other other job went off without a hitch thank heavens! I am so glad things are working out for me in other ways since the love has turned to shit.

I got there around 12:30 to start at 1:00 PM and my Manager disappeared for almost two hours so I sat there waiting and by the time he got there I told him that I was afraid that he had gotten kidnapped or something.

By me being nice to my new Manager and waiting semi-patiently, he gave me two extra hours on yesterday's pay so I stayed late on my own time after work to clean the break room and the computer training room and made coffee for everyone and while I was cleaning the tables off.

My new Manager came in and was really happy and really surprised so I may take to doing this every day as my daily "random act of kindness"..

I get a whopping \$6.25 an hour and Little Fawn starts preschool at Miss Lisa's. They said that she only asked "Where's Mommy?" half a zillion times.

Which is better than last week's two zillion times, so she is adapting quite nicely.

Today I had to drive to work in the terrible rain, which caused me to get there about three minutes before clocking in to start work. Then I had to turn on the computer and wait another five minutes for it to fully load so I ended up clocking in seven minutes late. Blah.

My Daughter has been attached to my hip for nine months plus three years so it feels soooooooo good to be able to get away by myself (even if it is to work!)

I waited as long as I could with her while working part time at the daycare, because I didn't want someone else raising my child for me, If you are a Mother then you know what I am talking about. At home, you don't even have time to think a rational thought and you never can make up for the rest you lost yesterday or the day before that. It is like a pay it backward type of thing for moms.

Every amount of suffering for a child is worth it to me.

I have found the promised land and I feel so wicked about it. And it is called the Shopping Mall. Women go there to spend lots and lots of money on themselves.

And sometimes on others as well. But mostly on themselves. How cool is that?! In fact...There is a whole smörgåsbord of men to look at there at the Mall; tall ones, short ones, blonde ones, brunette ones, even some red headed ones.

Dark ones, light ones, hairy ones, not so hairy ones, big ones , little ones. All varieties of them! And they come in all different shapes as well. Skinny, Pear shape, apple shape, barrel shape, muffin top.

There are some however that are "one size fits all" (these are the ones you need to stay away from and they can be spotted with gold teeth shining from across the mall floor) and they are with one girl but grabbing her friend's butt when the other girl isn't looking. I can't believe I caught him doing that behind her back when she wasn't looking.

Yesterday I got asked out to dinner by a nice co-worker, and another co-worker that likes me interrupted him and asked "what about me?" so the three of us trotted off toward the food court for some lunchtime food stuffs.

We laughed and had a really great time and walked back to work like we had been gone all day instead of just on a thirty minute break so it is safe to say that I am getting along super with my co-workers.

Plus I make a mean pot of java so they really like having me around most of the time. I think their names were John and John, lol.

I know, how weird is that, anyway, John #1 is bold and outspoken and I often found myself asking him "Are you sure you aren't from New Jersey?" because he really has an attitude that I don't care for very much and he talks about himself a lot! Too much in fact.

The other John however is a substitute Teacher, very quiet and laid back, not outspoken at all, and very comfortable to be around. The three of us get along like three peas in a small confined pod, commonly known as a "hub" at work.

I am surprised however that my managers are going to put me on a cash register this week, knowing

I have zip-zero-zilch experience ever using one. I can barely use a calculator the right way and I never have figured out what half of the symbols are on the scientific calculators are. Be afraid public citizens, be very afraid.

So if you are in line waiting a bazillion years for the mindless little twit [oops that would be me] behind the cash register to ring you up, don't worry, just bring a newspaper or Kindle device to read while you wait in line because I am sure going to be slow as snail dirt. I hope that they know what they're doing because I sure don't.

Yesterday I got to work in the warehouse, which was the second most exhausting thing that I have ever done.

For New Year's I am giving up all of my bad habits, which includes men. All men. Okay some men. I want to do good things in this world. I want to help people.

I am so happy to have money of my own now and a new way of thinking, and not just living that I don't need the other stuff anymore. Everything is all irrelevant now.

Jackson isn't working out one single bit and has dragged his feet through the whole marriage. It s worse than a shamble, it is in pieces and so I am over him. I forgive him for my own sanity but you can't bury toxic stuff without something else much worse happening in the long run. This is what I am afraid of.

What's going to happen next. At this point, if Adonis came back I would take the baby and run away with him.

Even though that kind of thing only happens in fairy tales and not in real life. I don't want to only focus on our problems but that seems to be all we have going for us. Every five minutes I'm saving his ass from some sort of trouble. He attracts trouble the way I attract birds and butterflies.

Hello dear readers, nope, I haven't been kidnapped by Aliens, which is very very unfortunate for me because I sure would have given an arm and a leg to not go to work today. Today you see was my first day on the cash register. Oy Vey. I don't know what they were thinking.

How did I do you ask? Well....Let's just say....They fed me to the wolves and let me fend for myself with very few breaks in between. Scary--very scary. I was lucky to get out of that store alive.

You literally don't have time to think straight. They released me on a cash register during the second busiest Holiday Season there is. Thanksgiving week. Curse the cash register's rotten soul.

I like the job because for the first time at work in many years my work clothing stays clean and I have a good day each day...minus the undying fear of running into Adonis around every corner, I think I am doing okay. So far I only see him around town a few times lately..

Miss Lisa next door said I looked like I had been ran down by Thanksgiving customers, which I was but I guess it really showed more than I was hoping I would. But the good news is I am going to have a huge paycheck this week!

I almost forgot that I have a diary here! I have been so busy and so tired after work I usually just go home and dive into bed as soon as I get there.

What a week it has been. I am so tired that I have been having chest pains and want to go to the doctor sometime this week while I have the time off to find out what is going on with that. He said I am pushing myself too hard. I guess I am.

Somehow while I was at work Little Fawn caught the sniffles and a pretty nasty little cough, so today she is laying down on a little Barbie sleeping bag on the floor watching her movies. She's feeling better but still really crabby. Wooh! With my check I did manage to get her a couple of care bear stuffed toys and a new toddler bicycle, which she is crazy about.

Yesterday my manager paged me over the intercom and when I got to her I felt like I was going to be fired for not being able to go fast enough on the cash register and so here is how that went.....

Miss Katey: "Eva, it has become painfully obvious to all of us that you can't use the cash register."

Me: "Yes ma'am, I'm very sorry about that, I try to go faster but I just can't." (silently thinking "Oh shit, she's going to fire me right this minute with everyone watching us") so after a few minutes of deep breathes to keep from passing out, she says "But after all of us managers got together and by unanimous decision we have decided to keep you on after the season ends."

We are moving you from the cash register to stocking the clothing and we have already seen what a great job you have done over the past few days by helping the other managers with what they have asked you to do so we have all agreed that you will be an asset to our store and we would be stupid to not keep you on because you are dependable and a great worker and honest, straightforward, excellent with the customers and other co-workers and are reliable when we need to get you to come in so what do you say?"

Me: "That is totally awesome!!!!!!" (followed by my tears and me hugging her like she was my best friend)

This afternoon when I get home I am making some nice homemade Chicken Soup with lots of Garlic and Herbs and can't wait to try some with French Bread toast tonight for dinner.

I haven't eaten a good [full] meal in almost a week. Just vending machine soda and potato chips is all that I could afford while at work. Anything more than that and I wouldn't have had any left for gas money to get me the Thirty miles back home from work.

Had a lot of bills to pay today.

It all started off when I went to the ATM machine and had to wait for nearly two hours because the machine took my card and didn't give me my money or card back and the bank didn't own the machine so I waited forever for someone to come help while fighting off other bank patrons that wanted to just use the machine anyway knowing that my card was still stuck in it.

How can people be so dumb. I told them “My card is stuck inside the machine” so they asked if they could use it anyway like I could just move out of their way with my card still inside of it. *Dummies. Every one of them.*

After a few minutes of agonizing frustration I briefly noticed *Adonis* sitting at the light then noticing me and turning to pass the bank while still looking. I guess to see why I was sitting there. I couldn't leave until they gave me my card back because I had just gotten my paycheck in there and couldn't risk someone stealing it if I drove away without my card.

Then when the whole matter was over I had to make up for lost time by going hither and then thither and doing other random errands trying to play catch up before everything else closed. I just barely made it in the nick of time to every place that I went to.

So after getting rabbit food we pulled out of the co-op and there he was again passing us and this time he waved at me in front of the family but I didn't have time enough to wave back at him or acknowledge him at all and instead my stomach took a dive and I waited till about three blocks had passed and then honked aimlessly at nothing and then waved. Okay I am losing it slowly.

His smile is like a rainbow after a long period of rain. It gives me hope. It is what keeps driving me to stay in this one horse town. There, buried in the misty blue oasis of my mind I clung to the hope that things would work out for us in the end.

I have heard through the grapevine that his marriage is a wreck and he is miserable just like I am. Can't say that I'm surprised about it.

I wish he would have just talked to me about it instead of either of us taking any sort of marriage action. It comforts me to be near him. And it also scares the living hell right out of me at the same time.

Then later across town while I was on my toes in a hurry I saw him again. And then everywhere else I went there he was. OMG he is everywhere now. I can't get away from him no matter what I do or where I go.

He is there hidden beneath the petals of every flower that I inhale the scent of, he is beneath every rock and leaf.

Inside of every book I pick up off of the shelf, his name is written on every license plate and bumper sticker that I see.

But what does any of it mean? Why is his name everywhere? It means nothing if we are not meant to be together.

It means nothing if his prissy wife keeps giving me the evil eye every time she sees me. Bitch please! Instead of worrying about everyone else she needs to realize the gem of a man she really has for herself.

Quite frankly I am sick of seeing her. Even though I pray and meditate I'm not immune from feeling. I would move today if it meant never seeing her smug face again. I feel too sorry for her to do anything about my ego controlled hating of her.

Diary. Jealous women are a serious deal!

We make up silent grievances against the woman we hate. We deviate hidden schemes to get closer to our arch enemies.

After a very longish period of not writing, not wanting to write, and not feeling the urge whatsoever to write ever again in my entire life, I decided to pick up my trusty pen and start writing this story the way that it should be.

A cleaner version. I left out a lot of details, and secret meetings. And gossip.

Mind you I have changed it at least Four times now. I have left out all of the really yucky stuff and moved on to the basic plain Jane stuff with a bunch of filler inside.

I have cut almost three hundred pages of sexy stuff, that I don't want to fill you in with but you get the idea.

You don't want to know about the other stuff. After all, you can just go read it in the real blog. Right? Because I don't want to share some of the really personal stuff.

This story will have a happy ending. Even if I end up alone. I am working on the ending but its anybody's guess as to how it will turn out for me at this point. Adonis keeps having kid after kid. No end in sight to his throbbing loins.

Well it seems that having the phone in our department is like having a hot potato that gets passed around worse than a baby at a Christening party.

Nobody, repeat nobody, wants to be the one that ends up with that hot potato/ phone in our department. Nobody. They have started hiding it underneath clothing in the women's department. No wonder nobody ever answers when I call. They don't remember where they hide the phone.

I had to get a tire fixed this morning which made me about fifteen minutes late for work so I had to make that up this afternoon. I am exhausted from making countless trips with clothes from the warehouse out to stocking the shelves.

Look out Christmas here we come. There are so many new year's gowns that came in. I can't stop drooling when I look at them. Can you say haute couture.

Dear god in heaven. Today should be deemed "Black Saturday" because there was more than Five Hundred people waiting to get inside of our store this morning when the doors opened at 8:00AM. Wtf?

When I got there today I got to see the real side of the store. The ugly side, the *really really* ugly side. Darth Vader should have been here because it was the really really dark side of the shopping season. You know.

When the ugly people come out in droves. Seemingly nice people turn into real monsters when they have to share a sweater with someone else who innocently grabbed the other sleeve. Women turn into tigers during the Holidays.

I was exhausted by the time I walked through the door. On the side where we were there was Four of us working in the same department all day but they were hiding so I got ambushed by customers all day long.

I like helping people but stopping women from fighting over a pair of pants is crazy. Let them fight it out and get it over with already.

Here is some things I hear daily.

“Does this tiny size eight dress come in a size 3X?”
(from a large boned woman who actually tried to squeeze herself into a tiny little size eight red dress that I almost had to cut her out of) I didn't think I would ever get her back out of that damned dress! I almost had to call the fire department to get her out of that thing.

“Eva can you take these back to where they belong?”
(from Manager with Three buggies filled overboard with clothing from the fitting rooms) Sure I'll take the phone (In which they turn it off but two seconds later when I get it they tell me not to do that) it is a fun job though and I love the paycheck.

“Honey do these come in a size zero?” (the only way that your behind will fit into those size zeros is if you get liposuction somewhere between me and the jewelry counter!!!!) *screams!*

“Honey Can I take these panties out of this pack to see if they fit?” OMG who does that? Nasty, just nasty!

“Do you carry size twenty four inch waist with a thirty-six inches long?” (are you dressing the green giant?)

Crazy stuff like this gets us all through the day. Well, this Friday is payday and I am staying after work to shop. It will mean that I am all caught up with our bills in only three checks. Night shift people help one another more and get along better than day shift does. I would love to transfer to nights. It is more fun.

Half the people called in on the night shift and I had to be in the men's, women's and kids departments which was a mess even before I got there so I had to stay later than originally planned to straighten everything back up before I left.

Anyway I watched this family trying to steal some clothes in the kids fitting room so I waited until I was sure of what was going on and I went to get security and there was no

security so I had to be security so I got \$25 for catching the shoplifters. Yay me! They had tried to steal over \$900 in clothing so I am proud of myself for nailing them.

In an unfortunate turn of events, chances are we are going to keep running into one another many times over the years if I am stuck in this little town forever.

There is too much going on here and his friend is constantly being two faced between us. Either he trying to make Adonis feel bad or something else but I also don't want to keep being in the middle of any more of that guy melodrama. I have more important things to worry about.

This proves that men gossip far more than women do. If he gets the wrong idea or the wrong impression of me then there is nothing I can do about it. I can't live like this.

This is no way to have a family and a life for myself if we keep having to see one another every day like this or bump into one another at school, Walmart, or sports games with our kids.

I have to be the one that moves away. When I get home I am looking for a different place to live all the way across the State from him.

Merry Christmas readers!

Well, the cold liquid magma phase has begun. Everything is frozen, including me.

My nipples haven't been this stiff since I gave birth! Humph! Do they sell nipple warmers cause I need some because I am freezing my nippy bits right off.

Oh guess what we are having for Christmas Dinner?

I didn't want to do the usual thing this Christmas dinner so we are having home made Chicken Soup with Veggies, Rice and home made Egg noodles in it, my own lean version to Hamburger helper and Chicken and dressing on the side with some Orange Cranberry Jelly to finish things off..

I have had so much Ham and Turkey at work this week that I can't bare it any longer for one single more meal. The same thing over and over again every day at work.

My crazy shifts have caused me to work at odd hours making it so that I couldn't do any grocery shopping for Christmas this week. We got off early last night but what I didn't know is that every other store in Jackson closed earlier than their usual time so no chance to buy anything. Good thing I got everyone's presents taken care of early or there would be no Christmas stuff going on today.

Little Fawn got so much stuff under the tree that there is barely any room to walk from room to room.

Father in law is in the joint so he isn't coming out until after the eighth of January or so. We have already planned to have the "official" yearly Christmas Dinner when he gets out and not before.

I won't mind cooking then. I keep running into my Step brother everywhere. He is good people. Real nice guy. I ask about my step mother and how she is doing. I really don't have time to go see her anymore because I work here from open to close most of the time plus overtime hours when I can.

At least I got to be with Daddy before he died but they didn't really ever let me talk to him alone the way a daughter should so I do not have a lot to say anymore to anybody in this town. Family or not.

I keep to myself and work my hands to the grindstone. And on my breaks I set my alarm and go to sleep in the car. Not very practical but I am feeling the burn of exhaustion kicking in after burning the candle at both ends for so long. I would give anything for a vacation.

Over time remedies appear. Applying the antidote again and again will heal. Like a rash, more washing, drying, ointment to the area, with your focus on healing, will result in healing. Meditation is healing. Mantras are healing. We change our "perception" through our practice – experiences and pretty soon though the same song is played the response is less and less, even if it does not go away due to the nature of the Saha world around us. It is our actions that are under our control and the positive results are ours to build upon. The tools are here and they are evident and they do work, we must test them through applying them to our situation to form a truth for each of us and have experiences that lead us to the "reality" of Wisdom. Keep moving ahead. You are doing good.

~Hokawa Chozen My Buddhist Teacher

It quotes "When perfect moments of promise and fulfillment never arrive, thus it becomes another want or need within us. "We become lost in our obsessions and cravings."

My recent studies helped me to realize that I put so much energy into Jack coming back that I lost all reality of what would happen if he wouldn't have come back? Or what would happen if things turned out differently for all of us?

I'm not going back but I put so much focus on the "what if", that I didn't even realize that there might be a "why worry about it?" phase I could have went through instead.

I have learned that this is really called "lip service" that he gave to me along with his sweet little promises of a better future for us.

Well, been a rough month for me with a lot of heartache involved.

I just got out of the Hospital.

I almost died. I got sent to ICU and was there for quiet a while.

I can still barely walk and might have to have physical therapy to get better. I didn't even know I was clinically dead even though I thought I was just dreaming of being in heaven.

It was as real as I am. Passing through the tunnel of light and everything. Somebody must have felt sorry for me and gave me a get out of heaven free card because here I am again back on earth with a whole new outlook on life.

So much time wasted on people that didn't care about me or my mission in life of helping people. December 16th, 2005 at only eight weeks pregnant with a tubal pregnancy that busted when my fallopian tube ruptured.

I was rushed to the emergency room and then the ambulance rushed me to another larger Tri-City hospital and I ended up getting a partial hysterectomy and a massive blood transfusion.

It was the largest blood transfusion I could get. My heart got enlarged and my lungs collapsed from lack of oxygen. I was a real mess as I made my way to heaven and back.

The nurse said that I died four times on the operating table and I have lost a lot of blood flow to my head from hemorrhaging so badly.

I have had another very painful week in ICU while trying to recover afterward. It was just *awful*. Learning to sip water through a sponge.

It happened only three days after finding out I was pregnant with my Second child. I was so happy and hopeful. Filled with ideas about the nursery and clothes.

The intense pain that I felt afterward when they put me in the Maternity ward with all of the happy and crying newborns and I had to lay there barren, crying my eyes out.

while listening to all of the cute little voices of the newborns.

To me that was like putting a rape victim in a jail cell with prisoners.

I was helpless and couldn't move. Whatever I did in a past life has made been made up for this week because I have suffered mentally and physically.

While I was dying, my Husband was out eating at Outback Steakhouse. Yes, you heard me right so it is safe to say that it is over between us and I am all alone now. I can't count on him for anything at all.

The OB GNY on staff said she removed my fallopian tubes and an ovary because they were both in bad shape and I kind of went limp when she said I couldn't have another child and that I am very lucky that I have the child I have because scar tissue was built up inside of me from years ago.

I cried and cried as I tried to not think about but the tears kept coming on and on like a faucet.

Happy New Year 2006! I know you missed me like crazy and probably assumed that I died again.

But nope, this time when I die for real I would like for it to be peacefully in my sleep. The other way was too painful.

Well, glad to see the Internet again since I took a week off from life to do absolutely nothing.

Things that were once important to me no longer matter and things I haven't ever done before are giving me a new interest. My new to do lists never seem to get done.

I am about ready to climb the walls but it hurts to sit up.

It hurts to do anything right now except sleep. And that isn't working out so well either. I have to prop myself up on pillows just to sleep at night because I got used to it.

Hubby, who is still grounded for life like a small child for being a no show at the Hospital due to the Steakhouse ordeal while I was dying.

He is nice enough to give me a massage every evening and make me breakfast in bed and do most of the cooking and cleaning while I was taking my time off to recuperate. *"Honey get me this. Honey get me that. Could you fluff my pillows for me? Can you turn the T.V. channel for me?"* Yes he wears his punishment very well.

The pain medicine makes me so terribly sick to my stomach. How on earth do people supposedly get addicted to this pain medicine. Gads! What's wrong with them because it tastes like mud or something equally gross and disgusting. Chalky and bitter.

Anyway while **attempting** to do nothing I got sick of not having any hard drive space and saved everything I own to DVD ROM and cleaned the hard drive back to factory this week. Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind computer style.

Maybe I overuse that feature a little too much but after it saying "not enough space" or some other depressing thing telling me I have no available room to store more clutter I had to put it on the chopping block.

Now all is fresh and new again. The good news is that whilst on mini break, hubby's temporary leave of absence got his unemployment came through and his first check was \$400 so he can do everything while I heal.

Yay food at last! I kind of got used to eating there for the last Thirty-Seven years so doing without food really sucks. I can't eat all that much because I'm used to a feeding tube. Now I have to limit myself or be sick.

They were nice enough to give him time off while I recuperate for the Eight to Ten weeks. What on earth am I going to do with all of that time on my hands? I guess most likely sleep?

The medicine makes me too groggy to do anything else. My Daughter has to climb in bed to play with me with her games because it is hard to move. I had to teach myself how to walk again.

And my legs will barely hold me on them. Like walking on spaghetti.

Yet, by death, by illness, by poverty, or by the voice of duty, we must learn, each one of us, that the world was not made for us, and that, however beautiful may be the things we crave, fate may nevertheless forbid them. It is the part of courage, when misfortune comes, to bear without repining the ruin of our hopes, to turn away our thoughts from vain regrets. This degree of submission to Power is not only just and right: it is the very gate of wisdom ~Bertrand Russell.

I needed that verse above right now more than ever to comfort me.

I am a head case. I leave dying and nothing has been the same since. Everyone acts like I am an invalid. I found a large lump in my abdomen again. It is like being on a roller coaster emotionally.

The Doctor said that it is a massive basket ball sized tumor that is now engulfing the whole rest of my cervix and pushing into my abdomen and intestines so I was referred to an oncologist at the Cancer Center in Memphis. The whole thing is going to have to come out.

That means Full *Hysterectomy* this time. As well as having five inches of my intestines to come out with it. I'm scared. I wish I had my Dad here with me right now.

I cried when the Oncologist told me the news in the little stark white room smaller than a broom closet reeking of the sharp smell of a bleach type of floor cleaner.

I am tired and emotionally drained from living in fear.

Seriously, I need to come to grips here. *It is stage two, meaning it has spread to other places in my abdomen.*

Haven't I suffered enough? I almost died once already. What if something goes wrong? What will happen to my Daughter? How will she grow up without a Mommy? Who will take care of her? I'm too tired to keep fighting.

I feel lightheaded, like I am going to pass out. How will I break the news to my Mother.

Would I be one of *those* women that waits until the last possible minute to tell her so it doesn't drag her down the tubes with me? Oh God.

There is so much more that I wanted to do with my life.

My Husband drove us home from the cancer center and neither of us said a word all the way there. We were both stunned into silence. I have always considered my ovaries and my womb what makes me a woman.

How will I ever be able to live a normal life again without them? You could have heard our heartbeats thumping loudly against the dead quietened solitude. Our faces now looked empty and drained of all their color. How would we -No- How *could* we ever get through this one?

We have been separate for months now. He started traveling and I never even see him anymore because he is always out of the State. I really need a friend right now. Thank goodness for meditation. It is saving my life. Reading books from people that have healed others.

So I went to Counseling to talk about the panic attacks and the tumor that is eating me from the inside out and what I am going through emotionally.

All she could tell me is I need to go back to work as soon as possible to help take my mind off of it. Is she serious? I can barely walk. Is that what she would do?

Is that what they told her in School to say to a client to make them feel better about losing their child? Just go back to work a week after and pretend it didn't happen at all? I can't even walk yet.

She doesn't even know how much pain I am in right now. She really shouldn't even be complaining to me like this since I am paying her \$150.00 per hour for nothing. I won't be able to walk again for a month.

And she says just go back to work. That's worth \$150 per hour. So the next day we scheduled the appointment to have my Hysterectomy and I went back to the Doctor because of other stuff happening physically as well.

He calls it Post Traumatic Stress Disorder or Panic Attacks is the slang word he used for it. That is really scary stuff.

He gave me a low dose of something to see if it stops them without affecting my heart. And for extra precaution he placed me on a new heart medicine in case my heart doesn't get better. It is broken, so how can it ever really heal properly?

All of this has made me very depressed. I am trying to stay strong but I have no emotional support in place to help me heal. The doctor feels it is vital to my recovery.

I go to my appointments but all she can do is say go back to work again. Even before my time is up for medical release or before my surgery with a tumor the size of a basketball in my belly. I know I have to go back to work when I heal but what on earth am I paying her for?

She's not helping me. I could pay my Mother and get better advise than this from her. She should have this giant thing in her stomach and try to work while barely walking. It is the size of a soccer ball already.

I came here hoping that they could help me deal with the pain and loss. I wish there was an actual support group for grieving Mothers nearby because that is what I really need right now. Not career advice from a nimwit.

As I sat in the lobby there must have been more than two hundred people in the waiting room with me waiting for chemo with all stages of hair loss and hair coverings. I went into the bathroom and covered my mouth with tissue and balled my eyes out. Some of the patients out in the lobby were just young innocent children. It broke my heart to see them here so very young and innocent.

Hours later my name was finally called but I wasn't eager to go in. I felt awful both mentally and physically.

Sometimes we make personal sacrifices so that others can be happy and sometimes we have to sacrifice a part of ourselves in order to live better ourselves.

The tumor would be cut out first and if it comes back then chemo would have to be used followed by a round of radiation. I told him that I am changing my life so I won't be coming back any time soon if I can help it.

Happy My favorite day of the year! Yes and what else does that mean? It means that in 4 days I will turn Thirty-Eight! Almost Happy Birthday to ME!

I have learned a lot since coming to this State. I have learned about the cycle of birth and death. I have suffered in many ways and I have watched my close friends suffer from their life choices. None of us are immune to pain and suffering.

The world doesn't pick and choose who's going to live and who's going to die. We all suffer in the same way and we all die.

It's the living part in between all of the suffering and dying that matters. How much we bring to the world every day.

In my darkest hour I helped a friend with a place to stay while I was barely able to care for myself right after my surgeries and he preyed upon my kindness when he took my credit card while I wasn't looking.

Instead of him telling me the truth about it I had to go to the bank and see him taking my money on the video camera. *Some people have their priorities all wrong.* So I am glad the situation dissolved itself before anyone got hurt because he was dangerous. Karma is one bad assed bitch in the end so he will get his karma trip soon enough.

I found a spiritual teacher, I call her *Honorable Mother*. She is teaching me about self development. She is helping me learn what I need to know to become a spiritual teacher myself. Some people call it being saved. I can't change the people around me if they don't want to change but I am very serious about changing myself and my life. She asked when I wanted to start and I said **right now**. No better time than the present to get started.

I asked her "What happens to people like me that are trying to change their lives?" and she said "*While others are still suffering in their lives because they cannot find wisdom, you have opened your eyes and will become enlightened and there is no shame in that.*" After a few months of her teaching me to practice morning, noon, and night I soon found the me that I had always been hoping to discover.

Friends don't like change. But she is going out of her way and teaching me for free and I have already healed from her far more than any other paid counseling people could do for me.

One of the clear paths she has given me is to give up the thoughts of Adonis once and for all. Let him and the past go.

Wow! 1,717 entries for me. *Cool.*

Can you believe it? 1,717 entries so far.

Well the Hysterectomy went as planned. I said my goodbyes to my womb and any sort of rational hormones ever again. It is tough for me because my cycles were always normal. My ovaries and a womb were symbols of my womanhood. I woke up late in the night to watching soothing streams and rivers playing on the television in my room.

They say patients here at the cancer center heal faster with it on. I'm hoping so. I don't want to be here long.

While getting an I.V. with a Morphine cocktail in my drip line and New Age music played through the hospital television speakers it is kind of hard to tell if I am asleep or awake.

Kind of a fuzzy blur. I wake up long enough to eat and drink then fall back asleep.

The food is nice and the nurses here are kind to me here. The tumor is out and my belly is still really swollen and painful. I still look pregnant but the gestational diabetes is now gone.

So far so good with that. It did progress to stage two. But there is always another side to this type of news. We caught it in time. I am completely changing what I eat.

That is the important thing. Things will be okay if it hasn't spread to any unseen "other" areas like my lymph nodes or other organs or comes back again. I think we caught it early enough. At least I am keeping my fingers crossed and praying a lot for a positive outcome.

I am starting to feel like I am flying even though I am not! Okay less morphine. It makes me so sick to my stomach. Pain meds feel like they are burning a hole right through me.

I have always believe that life can flow as easy or as hard as we choose to let it flow. Too bad it takes something like this for most people to decide to change their lives.

I think about all of the times we used to go out to eat junk food. With all of those preservatives.

I'm so glad that I have the love and support of my family and friends right now. Embracing what's left of my body so that it can heal the right way.

Resting my mind so that negative thoughts don't turn into negative things and hamper my healing time. I can't let the anxiety, depression or sadness get the best of me. I am going back to the very core of my being to heal.

Well, thanks to my counselor at the women's clinic insisting that I go right back to work after only a short time of having the Hysterectomy, my insides collapsed and I had to go back into another major hernia repair surgery and have it repaired with stiff plastic mesh this time.

This was the most painful surgery yet because they had to take out and actually saw my insides and change everything around and drill holes in my legs for the mesh to fit..

It tore my hips apart. They will never be the same again. I can barely walk again.

They had to drill holes in my upper thighs to fit it in all the way. Now my hips aren't working properly and I have developed arthritis in them because of the holes in my upper legs to fit the mesh.

It also gave me instant arthritis in my lower back and every time I drink coffee or tea I can hardly walk from the inflammation it causes.

It is not going to stop me from living my life and you won't hear any "poor me's" from this chic anymore.

I want my life on this earth to have meaning. I want to help others. I want to feel love and I want to live my life in peace and everything that peace represents to me.

I should write important things like passwords down but instead I remember the dumbest things and forget all the important stuff!

My hair may not be blond anymore but my mind still is. I have memory loss. Waha! Along with age comes forgetfulness.

I guess I must have lost a little too much blood flow to my brain that day. It is beginning to show up in strange and unusual ways. Some of them funny, but others not so much. Directions become foggy.

Counting change sucks. Forgetting what page I have just read and reading it again and again. My address or zip code on an envelope or writing the other persons name in the wrong spot.

Stuff that is easily fixed but frustrating just the same for me to keep up with.

Wow! 2,144 Blog Hits today.

I feel very privileged for receiving so many reads today. Thank you very much for taking the time to stop by here.

Like an old celtic storyteller I take my sacred rock and place it upon my belly and start working on a new story. *This is how the old storytellers come up with new material.*

An even better one than the one I have now. That's what storytellers do with our lives. If they suck we turn around and rewrite the whole thing until we are happy with it.

What do I need to heal myself? This is a question I have never asked of myself before. Maybe it was because I didn't know I could. I didn't know how powerful I really was because of so many others constantly telling me of my lack.

Maybe it was because so many other people were asking me for what they wanted or needed. As a woman I have endured a lot of tolerance in my life. Some of it necessary to find my own way in this world.

Looks like we might be moving again. Far away from here.

Adonis and I had contact and made our final peace with one another and yet his wife somehow got involved because my frenemy read my journal and spilled her guts about us.

I don't know what she had to gain by this other than hurting me because that's just what it did. Mrs. Adonis is more clueless now than ever before! And I don't care anymore. He made his choice and now we have to both stick with it through to the end.

I have found a beautiful home in the Country.

It is beautiful place near a lake with a creek flowing through the back of it. And being completely across the State from where we live now. It is the perfect home for us. Far far away from this little busy body town.

I now let go of all worry and stress and the dizziness of scarcity that have been guiding my life thus far and now let love guide my life. I will create a good peaceful life for myself and my family.

And I will settle for nothing less than that. I moved here to get away from the craziness.

I want to slow down and enjoy the energy of being at peace. That is why I became a Buddhist in the first place. I see peace inside of me every minute.

Now if I can teach this peace as a teacher to others around me I will be so blessed. Nothing would make me happier.

It is really going to feel special living in such a beautiful country home and I can't wait to finish moving in. The owner's got my daughter a really cute fairy light switch for her own bedroom. They are just awesome!

My daughter has such long pretty hair. We make jokes and smile again. It feels great to be able to laugh again. Coming back to my authentic self. Meditating has taught me that it is perfectly okay to be still and know God.

Finishing up last minute things before the big moving day. Mostly just jittery about having enough money to move us with.

Everything will fall into place. One way or another. *I really want this move to happen quickly.*

I see the move as an opportunity. I am determined on my pursuit of a whole new adventuresome life.

Even though it is a bumpy ride doing everything myself. I can do it. I have opened the gates to new opportunities in my life.

Not only am I healing myself but I am helping other women and teenagers as well make wise decisions in their life and it is so comforting.

I now coach four to ten people per week on spiritual and relationship matters. If there's one thing I love it is helping people and making them feel good about themselves.

I love helping teens make the right decision about their lives if someone might be forcing or coercing them into having an abortion.

It really is that easy...*always choose life*. No matter how you look at it- it is a baby. I wasn't allowed to choose for myself when I was young but I can help others make the right decision for themselves. Abortion causes lifelong problems.

I enjoy Reiki and it has really gotten me through a lot of emotional junk that needed clearing out of my closet.

Meditating again regularly. Learning to teach it as well.

It helps my spirit. I have taught and attuned over one hundred students so far. I hope that the family will be as happy near the water as I am. I can hardly wait for us to get there. Even the air is cleaner there. The water tastes like fresh and pure spring water. It's like a different world for all of us there.

There is nothing more healing than sitting beside the running water of a creek. Soon and we will be in our new home. Three bedrooms, two bathrooms, and a large living room with very few neighbors and a fireplace to sit in front of for those chilly evenings.

There are deer living on the property and beavers, and all sorts of other animals because it is in a rural portion of the mountains about seventeen miles from the nearest town. Very little crime in the area so it is perfect for us.

Early in the morning hours before the family is awake I read sonnets from Rumi and write in my Ghazal poetry notebook. *In that place where everyone is the beloved. Even me.*

I have shifted from that mind of quiet confusion to a place of deep peace and frequent rest.

I am no longer lost in the rush of life burning myself out and overtaxing my immune system with ill contrived friends wanting and needing something from me every minute of the day, all the time and never giving me anything back in return.

I received a wonderful Christmas card from my oldest and dearest friend in the world Dark Earth.

Today is my one year anniversary since I clung to life and almost died with the ruptured tubal pregnancy.

What a year it has been for me. I have been in the hospital and on bed rest for majority of the time trying to heal. It has been a bumpy ride. Two more serious surgeries came afterward. I have been in so much pain. Of course my mental body will take much longer.

Meditation is helping me focus on the positives and focusing all of my energies on the law of gratitude. Trying to make progress simple and easy. Biofeedback.

And yoga is helping the rest of my body to slowly heal. Gentle postures for my bones and spine. My family is the most important thing to me. I am so thankful to be alive. I am so thankful for my family helping me during this time. I still cry a lot but I am slowly healing.

All that time in the past in this blog was just wasted by complaining about all the things that happened and all of that time that was squandered or taken for granted instead living my life the way I should have for myself.

I can tell this is only the beginning of the life that I truly have earned.

All of the things, situations, and people in the last town were not vibrationally in alignment with my energy field at that time. Nor were the people or the environment that I was in. Even my physical body was out of alignment. I didn't even know that was possible but I do now.

Here, everything seems to be in alignment with me.

As a light worker I should have been able to know the difference but I think I was lost within my own choices at the time. Our choices can either make us or break us.

Since I have released everything that was not meant for me I feel so much better Mentally and Spiritually.

I released all of the frienamies that always demanded my time and sidetracked me from all of my personal and career goals then stabbing me in the back repeatedly.

I let them all go with love and light so that I can see all of the people coming toward me from the light that are good and kind and that have my best interest at heart.

I value my heart enough to honor it fully, by listening to it before making any hasty decision where friends and other distractions might be concerned. Sometimes now at this place of peace it is as if I can feel heaven singing out to my soul. In this silence

I am formulating ways in order to be of service to the world. Putting creative outlets into a hobby. I am writing and helping the local wildlife by protecting them.

I have certified the yard for a wildlife habitat and put up fences to keep the hunters out. I no longer overwork and over stress myself.

More than Two Million people have now read this blog!

I can't believe it! If it were a book and I charged only One Dollar each copy I would now be a Millionaire. That is a lot to take in right now. Watch and see. This blog will become a Novel one day. It is my new goal.

To make it into one. Thank you so much to my dear friends for the suggestions. I see blog to print books and memoirs coming to the light in the next ten or so years. This is a great advantage for me to jump in and test the waters with my own healing journey.

Well, that last load of furniture turned into two more loads so I have spent the whole holiday week on the Interstate!

I am stopping the rest of the move to celebrate the Holiday with Mom and Daughter and will resume all normal functions afterward. We all love the new place and it has plenty of room and plenty of heat for everyone! Yay!

Happiness is a here and now reality and not some future thing that we can all plan for some day.

It is very quiet and easy to sleep in and having a master bathroom is awesome and so is having the large garden tub.. Mom and my Daughter seem so much more relaxed here. And there is no thugs or guns or crime to deal with.

Being able to remove the negative thoughts has been the best thing that I ever did. Letting go of past relationships that didn't align with my higher purpose also had to be let go of for my own health and sanity.

Controlling my happiness level, doing breathing exercises, trying Kundalini Yoga, helped me to break through the limited belief system that I have had implanted inside of me in the past. It feels so good to let it all go.

Purifying my body with organic natural products has also helped me a great deal. Now I am able to download a lot of vital information while meditating and connecting to my higher self.

I have made a vision board showing all of the fun things I want to do with my life from now on. I made one of the things I am grateful for as well to help in my healing journey.

I see myself walking again with good strong bones and curing my own bone disease. I see myself being active and fit again. They are not just dreams, they are my healthy future reality. *What we think we become.*

I woke up this morning early enough and took a short walk down by the creek. There were two huge deer grazing nearby but the grass and leaves rustling beneath my feet caused them to panic then run away with their white tails held high in the air.

I got tired half way back home and had to sit down in the soft dried grass and I found it to be a great place for an afternoon nap.

I created a large deer feeder in the back yard so that they never have to be hungry since they have lived here now for many years before we got here.

Our house, is a very, very, very fine house. A lot has happened in the years since I have had this blog!

I have moved beyond my pain and suffering of those good and bad memories, uncertain people, and those operations. The weight that I feel inside of my tired and overworked organs need healing as to not have another malady manifest itself.

My body is still painfully stiff but recovering. As Oriah Mountain Dreamer says *you have to learn to listen to what the world is trying to tell you and gain something good from this knowledge while you can.* True words of wisdom. Aho Sister Oriah. Aho!

The good news is we are all moved in to the new place now. Once again things could have been better planned and better organized.

Hopefully we won't have to do that again any time soon. Moving is such tedious work and I am in no shape for lifting any more heavy stuff..

We are surrounded by mountains on both sides and a beautiful creek so stress and turmoil are both quickly becoming distant memories.

My soul has a whole new happiness. I have increased my meditating. Trying to exercise as I can to repair my hips.

I am now an Ordained Minister. In choosing religion I have learned more about myself than ever before..

In my spare time I have started reading some of the journals of Nathaniel Hawthorn; who was one of the greatest writers of nature journals besides my muse Leonardo da Vinci..

I would love to be able to write a nature journal and have it filled with colorful pictures and sketches of lovely things.

Good things are happening for me day by day. I'm not afraid to accept them or feel unworthy of good things any longer. I wish some of my friends would take a Mentor to help them the same way that I did.

I have changed my life in so many positive ways and investing in stocks while they are still going to bars and pickling themselves through beer goggles and fleeting strangers.

All I can say is everything is better in the woods. More special. More entertaining. More quiet. Even the fish smile at me when I wade into the water. You should see them. They nibble at your toes. It is so cute.

I would love for nothing more than to live out the rest of my days right here. Collecting rocks, feathers, and drawing sketches of leaves. What a simpleton I have become and I love every minute of it. No going back to the crazy City life for me. I want to stay here forever.

The view is surrounded by mountains. Every Evening there is an azure sky. The back further portion of the Five acres is where the creek resides. It is a different world than the front of the property that is well groomed and neatly clipped grass.

It is more beautiful here than anything I have ever seen before.

My life is in continual motion; it will propel me forward, in the end it is the choices I choose that makes it all happen for me in positive ways. I believe in myself. I have a plan and a vision for my life.

I have all of the blackberries that I can handle to eat and to cook with. They should make about Five pounds of berries a year from two acres of blackberries. They are a beautiful and delicious superfood.

Look out jelly, here I come.

Anyway further walking around and gardening thoughts then led to planting Potatoes in the spring and grapes.

I have only grown them one time before but the dirt here seems perfect for just such an adventure.

The jungle of Blackberries will come after that and after the work on the trailer is complete.

Few remaining resemblances to my former self is all that is left of the woman that I have left behind.

My newly ordained name is Gyogi Kannon Myoren. I love Quan Yin so I am happy to have a spiritual name with Kannon in it.

The stillness of the garden now resides inside of my heart. The soil is nice here and there are many wild roses growing near the creek.

Every time I go down I bring 3-4 back with me to plant around the trailer and have already made a simple rose garden in the front surrounded by pretty large river rock relations.

I woke up late last night and saw the moon peering back in at me through the opened mini blinds. Talk about a room with a view. Nothing can top that every full moon.

I count my blessings daily on that one. I have never seen such a beautiful midnight before, or sun rise, or sun set.

All of these beguile me and make me want more of "what will tomorrow's morning sunrise or evening's moon look like?"

And after all of the cars have passed at night, there is the quiet sound of the rushing water in the distance against the black expanse of sky. It is so monumental for me.

Were it not so cold out I would find myself sleeping in a tent on the front deck night after night just admiring it.

And if I were not such a coward I would walk down to the creek after everyone went to sleep and just sit in the darkness by the edge of the water.

But it is too scary not really knowing what is down there yet. I have seen a few wild animal tracks, one of them a raccoon for sure. Don't want to get rabies on my first few weeks here.

Every story has a happy ending and this place is mine. This is my happy ending. I can't allow any more black or gray clouds around me. And I have to keep working on myself. I am a continual work in progress. No longer worried about how much farther I have to go to push myself and take the time to turn around to see how far it is that I have already come.

We are all born as diamonds in the rough. How hard we choose to polish ourselves is how we sparkle. I am getting my joy back from those that have robbed me of it again and again. I have all new dreams of tomorrow and what it will bring for me.

Amazingly enough, I have been lost three times so far but luckily in this place every road leads back to the same place [eventually]. That is too cool!

Anyway my complexion feels 100% better now that I am on well water and away from the other house and those harsh chemicals in the water like chlorine or whatever it is that they use to treat the water with. Yack.

My Daughter and I went to the woods and collected some fire wood and came back home and made a beautiful fire in the fireplace. I snuggle up in a comfy wool blanket with a good book until I start to doze off.

The wood is always available without even having to ever cut any and whenever we go walking we take the red wagon she inherited by moving here with us and bring a whole wagon full of wood when we come back.

Then after we settled down and made a science experiment of growing our own crystal geodes in some egg cartons. I hope that she learns to enjoy

science the way that I did when I was in school. It was the only class I liked.

Truth and beauty are playing a big part in my life. In the mornings the sun now rises at the back windows and in the evenings it sets right in through my bedroom window; giving the surrounding mountains a golden iridescent glow. From around midnight to 4AM or full daylight (7AM) the place can be pretty scary with barn owls whoo-ing and all sorts of unfamiliar noises going thud and bump in the night.

Walking down to the creek is a profound and mystical experience. It creates such an inner feeling of peace, safety and joy.

Many creatures live here and call it home so I try not to intrude where I don't belong. I take them some apple peeling.

A morning hike consists of walking down to the creek and I can almost make it back up without stopping half way to catch my breath and grab a second wind.

Before continuing the fifteen percent steep upgrade the rest of the way home which creates twinges inside of my poor left hip. Sometimes I tire before I can make it back up hill again.

Trying to heal myself so I can go back to work when the doctor releases me. Driving it is so much easier because

I can't walk very good anymore. I should have skipped that last surgery. Oh well. *Live and learn.*

The path is beautiful and it is a different kind of heaven here. As you look out the mountains are surrounding you and the hills and moss covered green fuzzy rocks are below you. The whole place is a bird lover's paradise.

There is everything from sparrows to red tailed hawks, to barn owls calling this place home. The air is filled with their songs.

Smiles are everywhere and there is no loud thumping or rap music rumbling the windows as the cars pass in sight anywhere. No late night gunshots or car doors slamming.

Thank goodness. And no neighbors washing their dirty cars in the street or the front of our yard. I have left the world of doubt and ignorance behind.

Now there is only bliss. I somehow *expect* to be showered with enlightenment sprinkles every time I walk to the creek.

I don't know what kept me trapped in the last town. Maybe free will? Maybe karma. Glad it is all over now.

I would love to have some sort of shamans drum to take with me down to the creek to nurture and sing to mother earth. I will heal her with my music while she in turn heals me because I love the warmth of this place.

It is the kind of home that I have always hoped for. I love making an evening fire and sipping hot chocolate just like some fuzzy sort of dream. There is only one thing missing from my life now and that too will come in time.

Little Fawn is happy and not scared of getting kidnapped any longer. I have a fence already put up to be on the safe side since I don't really know anyone here. The next door neighbor seems like a nice chap to talk with.

Wow, I have what is known as the Walden pond effect. That is when Thoreau moved beside Walden pond and how the tranquility of the pond changed his life in some beautiful and unexpected ways. I noticed that the days pass by differently in the Country than they do in the City.

Women are judged more on their good housekeeping skills and their cooking abilities than on their looks. Good thing I know how to cook! woo-hoo! My skin has never felt or looked so good and my hair is soft again thanks to the amazing curative well water.

Collected some cedar drift wood, I have noticed that it makes for a sweet smell when it burns in the fireplace. When you split the bark it is a mixture of red and white inside. Crackles and pops too.

I enjoy gathering fire wood and onions and dandelion greens for salads so I feel right at home here. I am in my element as they say.

For dessert a coconut meringue pie. I love meringue and how its sweet taste wraps around your tongue nicely before dissolving back into a little cloud of sweet nothingness.

How surprised I was to find espresso in the boon docks. Whodathunkit. The mountain folks have to do something to recover from all of that hard work I guess. And this sweet emanation called moonshine jelly. At first I thought it was an Appalachian joke or something but it really is made with a small amount of moon shine in it.

All of the men here wear some form of plaid shirt or coat, except for the boaters and they don golf patterned izod shirts. And those button up shirts. Total Yum!

The farmer's tan does the American male a great justice. I almost wrecked the car into a corn field getting a better look on.

Later I think of how attractive they are as I stir the brownie mix into a frothy chocolaty mix. Funny how the two thoughts intertwine like that. Yum yummy.

We have been eating a lot of sautéed greens like collards since moving to the Country. Their tangy and slightly crunchy earthy-ness makes dinner more colorful.

My kitchen is a mixture of both sweet and earthy smells right now. I wish I had smell-a vision just for you guys to smell this amazing smell.

The unused island in the center of the kitchen serves now as my central hub and dough and cookie rolling station.

I have always wanted a surface this large in which to spread my baking wares such as pizza and doughs on.

I have to smile. I want to try making some fudge but find that it is better to just buy it from the store readily available for instant consumption. However home made biscuits and cookies are now an everyday staple and Saturday is still the greatest Mommy-Daughter cooking day for us ever.

We should call it *Fat Saturday* because every weekend we make home made pizza. I try out some recipes for higher altitudes and they bake marvelously for me.

Everything flows freely in and out of my hands. I watch myself work amazed that this is really me cooking this great food. Now I only burn a fourth of what I cook!

I see myself helping women that need it. So many women are in need of healing. I don't understand it.

Why are so many women from my generation going through such rough times? How did it get to be so bad? I should go back to school and open my open clinic to be more of help to them.

I have a natural gift for helping and healing women. It soothes me deep in my bones.

My daughter is really happy here. I don't know if she can fully grasp the reality of it yet because it is pretty monumental for us both. Seeing me go into the hospital so many times has really put her under a lot of unnecessary stress and I am trying to bring us back closer together to where we should be relationship wise.

She has learned to set the table by herself and to mix things together that most five year old's have never even heard of before. *Brava mi amore*. She is my greatest treasure in this world. I am so happy to have her.

She has an inner knack for cooking, just like the rest of the great cooks in our family. Our large table is set with a pretty table cloth, a long red satin table runner, crystal candle holders with white candles tucked inside and the pretty oriental black plates I bought before leaving the other house. The prime ingredient being *family* time.

We are making the most out of being here. I have learned to live every day to it's fullest, no matter what life throws at me. I can handle it and I can win at life.

I am a sucker for a nice sky. I saw the moon outside of my bedroom window tonight. It casts a sharp glow in the sky against the pitch black of night, so pretty that it looks like an illusion or a mirage from this angle. I walk outside on the front deck at midnight and I can see the whole cosmos from here. It looks so close, like I could reach out and touch it right at my fingertips.

In the Morning the Sun just rising just high enough in the opposite horizon to cast a glow of the trees on the nearby hill. Somewhere a woman sits in a cramped little box of a house wishing that she were living in a place just like this one.

The huge expanse of sky or void if you will reminds me of how small humans really are in comparison to its grandeur. Non matter and space. What a divine pair we make.

There is a thick blanket of frost on the ground this morning. And all over the trees. Originally it looked like snow but as the sun rises more and my eyesight clears I can see that it is just frost but thick enough to easily be mistaken for snow. I think it might snow.

So far I have only seen a couple of mallards floating around the middle of it. The large doe and fawn I spotted when we first got here are gone now.

My daughter and I made some sugar cookies. Everything seems to bake better out here. Must be the altitude.

There is a large flea market, says to be the largest in Tennessee only a few exits away from here and I would like to go there one weekend.

I really don't mean to carry on so but can you blame me? The nearest town is a Marina town with bait sold at every store and gas station and there is approximately Eighteen Marinas in the same area and the lake is so beautiful to swim at and take pics of.

It is my own personal heaven. I plan to spend the majority of summer there.

The faces of the locals here are sunny and warm and this area would be the perfect tourist trap to lure innocent tourists into staying because it is such a nice place to visit. One of the local Marina's has houseboats for rent.

Oh that would be awesome to live on a Houseboat. If I win the lottery I am buying the family a Boat to take to the local lake. It is so amazing there!

The local (within Seven miles of here) gas station sells Bait, Pizza, and Ice cream and the neighbor down the hill breeds registered goats.

I can hear them on a quiet night banting right along with the coyotes.

Facing my own fears of the dark. Of those howling noises. Of things that linger in the darkened shadows.

The family and I are doing great, minus the services of any telephone, cell phone, or Internet connection so this will be a short update from the not so local library to let all of you know that I am still alive. And I am doing perfectly if you want to know the truth. Panic attacks or not.

I couldn't dream for a nicer place to live. I am so happy here.

I wake up with the sun shining or the mountain rise and go to sleep at night with the moon reflecting inside the bedroom window lighting up the whole front Five or so acres.

Today it is pretty cold outside. Windy and rainy.

We took some beautiful pics of the creek and while we were down we decided to go all the way rock climbing to the rapids.

It doesn't seem that far away when judging it from the naked eye but when climbing wet mossy green covered rocks it takes a small lifetime to get there one slippery baby step at a time. Okay it was a little bit on the scary side.

I slipped coming back up the steep hill and I started going straight down the muddy ravine and into the freezing cold water but a thimble full of grass, weeds,

and divine intervention kept me safe and dry as I clung onto it as hard as I could and pulled myself up and back over the cliff. Don't send help just send me some Twinkies to eat for energy on the way home!

Oh my goodness this was the adventure of a lifetime. *Now where's my cane and heart meds because I almost had a frigging stroke in the process.*

I was so scared! I didn't let on to my daughter but I was certain more than once that I was going to die. Someone would have to be out of their ever loving mind to want to climb rocks full time. It brings up all new fears and doubts in me once again about life.

I blame it on being bullied as a child. I had a name that got me picked on a lot. I had a mature body at a young age that got me picked on even more than the old fashioned name did. Thank God I changed it at eighteen. Now I am afraid to just rush out and try new things without seeing how they work. Stepping forth in faith.

No more shedding tears for the life I couldn't have. No more friends that are man stealing whores and lying back stabbers. Many of my woes were because of the people I hung around with.

There's no nice way to say to someone that they are bringing you down. Whether it be with a negative attitude, conniving, deceitfulness, or through general bad mouthery. And keeping these friendships can make you or break you in the long run.

Their energy can ruin everything that you try to build up for yourself. I found this out the hard way through relationships with the wrong people in my co-creating life.

If a person doesn't change over time the way that they should then they will continue to stay that way no matter how much you try to change them.

Some times these friends can be agonizing and very demanding of our time or other resources.

Sometimes these people have good intentions but may still drag us down in other ways such as energetically or vibrationally.

I have chosen friends that are uplifting and prosperous. They are accountable with their time and with their moods. I am learning to be the same way with mine. These types of friends make us want to soar to new heights, and not try to stifle our greatest efforts or keep us on the bottom of our dream lists.

You can tell which friends motivate you and which friends that bring you down.

Spend more time with the ones that make you shine and less time being influenced with the ones that drag you down or make you feel miserable right along with them just because they are miserable all the time.

I have an odd and frivolous habit about photographing the up close bark of trees for my nature journals. It rather fascinates me. It is like a tree's clothing.

I like to zoom in and really capture the spirit of the tree when I take their picture. And I do this quite a lot. Always have. I have hundreds of pictures of bark, raindrops, clouds, and leaves up close. I can't help myself.

So while I was merrily taking some pics my daughter played and the dog swam in the creek and after the day was over I uploaded them onto the hard drive and as I was looking at them I found the most amazing looking picture of what appeared to be a woman's face or spirit in a large cedar tree.

It is most likely a shadow but still cool just the same.

Maybe it is just a blur on the camera lens but it looks like the image of a woman's head right in the tree.

At first I thought it was but then I realized that it couldn't be a reflection of my own head in the camera at the time because my hair is blond and not black like the woman's reflection in the tree.

In ten years or so I would like to be self sufficient and live completely off of the land.

Grape vines are already out and I decided to get at least five green and five black to plant on the western

ridge. I want the darker ones but my daughter wants the green ones to eat for the table so we bought both varieties of them.

They are very expensive at the store so I do see her point in buying some just to eat. I am going to change my wine labels around to something different that the design I had before. Might change them from Tuscan to Mountain theme. Not too sure yet. Will have to try a few images first to see how they look.

On the next few sunny days I need to transplant the large Blackberry vines to a more manageable area, probably going to be behind the Grapes. Something keeps digging up the Onions we planted!

Not sure what but I will have to enclose that area before the little thing also digs up my russet potatoes!

There are a lot of full grown Dogwood trees here that I am going to band to the ground that way I can get some roots from them to move them up to some other areas on the property..

I have a landscaping design software and can't wait to use it here to redo the front lawn with some decorative plants and trees. Right now it is kind of bland with no privacy at all. I don't like not having

privacy or access to a fence blocking out the neighbor's view when I sunbathe.

I have been focusing on my affirmations of healing.

I have seen the light.

I brought my lovely collection of flower pots with me from the other house. Not sure what to plant in them yet. Terra-cotta pots are so fragile.

One wrong move and they shatter like glass. I hate to see them die in such a painful way so I have a large bucket of terra-cotta pieces hoping one day to find a use for them to give them a second chance at life.

They are a part of the earth after all. And throwing them out would be like throwing away a portion of the Earth.

I went shopping and bought some Ivy. I love Ivy. It is so versatile. Then I went with the neighbor for some wine. A lovely place that has music on Friday and Saturday nights and a real homey type of atmosphere to it. I will come back there often. I can just tell.

This was the first night in a long time that I wasn't home cleaning my floor while other women were out dancing and romancing. My mind can't help be on what curtains I am going to hang in the living room when I get home. What could be finer than this?

I am in love with my new home and I am in love with my life. *I can heal myself*. I can change my life story to anything I want it to be.

I can take the poisonous darts I have felt when I think about the past and accept it as medicine. We can change our story at any time on a daily basis if we choose to.

Yesterday was such a beautiful day. I just love the Spring. Everything is so pretty and fresh. A time of cleansing and renewal for everything in nature.

Some of my garden has croaked worse than a toad. The Tomato's look like crying vines, the lettuce is holding its own against the elements but begs for water and the marigold's want to return to the ether world. It now looks like a Wailing wall instead of a garden.

Somebody bring the Nuns to pray over it. Other parts of it however are coming up nicely. Onions, Lettuce, Cabbage, Tomatoes and Potatoes, everything we need for a nice summer filled with food. Did I mention that Snakes are everywhere? I didn't before? Well they are!

Did I also mention that I don't care much for snakes because they are pretty dangerous out here.

We saw one going about Forty miles an hour. He was about Six feet long. Water Moccasins, Rattle Snakes and Cottonmouths. They sound like a type of flower don't they? But highly dangerous. I dare say snakes were the reason hoes were invented. Where's my shovel? Somebody give me the ax. *Om mani padme hum.*

I went back into the front ditch to dig up some large rocks in which to make a entry way at the driveway and plan on planting some trees and pretty landscape there to catch the passing eye. The rocks are very heavy and digging them, loading them into the wagon, and unloading them have taken a small toll on my back. Look out bed rest here I come!

Felt good to soak in the tub while I cooked some chicken wings for dinner. I made them kind of spicy and added some salad to go with the wings. With fresh squeezed lemon aid with Cherry flavored ice cream for dessert. I figured it would mellow out the wing flavor.

After dinner I had some Espresso with Biscotti beside the fireplace when I realized just how alone I am out here in the wild.

Mon Due! I should have someone here with me celebrating love and life! I am finally at peace in my

life. I have found my mecca and this feels so incredible. Even being alone.

I dip my Biscotti into the warm Espresso to soften it slightly as I try not to think about my ego convincing me that being alone is not okay. Keeping myself busy has given me plenty of time to not think about it until now. I watched the dazzling colored flames of the fire flickering in unison.

I stoked the fire making it jump back to life. I want to heal my body the right way and I know I can't rush it but I want to hurry up and be back to normal. I loved walking.

I couldn't change the past and what happened to me that day but I can use it as a tool to help others.

As my Mentor Khama says it is time to flex my spiritual muscles and set myself free from the yoke of my past...

Have I mentioned before how charming this place is? Like something out of a picture or a painting.

It is quiet, remote, surrounded by Wildflowers and Cedar trees and a new type of tree that I am not familiar with called a Tulip tree.

The area has rolling hills and mountain views and is literally Ten Mile's from everything. Shopping,

Grocery Stores and Anything to do with the City.
Which is precisely why I love it here so much!

All of the little annoyances of the City don't happen out here. There is some crime but not much. Mostly just people stealing stuff.

Not any serious crimes such as murder and rape like there was in the town we left behind. I don't miss that place. Hoping to never have to go back there ever again. Not even for a second. True I met a few nice people there but the rest were down right rude.

In the old neighborhood I couldn't blink or go in the bathroom without someone else knowing it. Out here it is different.

Here, it is so remote that I could be dead for over a month and nobody would even notice. And I like it that way! The neighbor was saying something to me about why he places diesel fuel around the property as a Snake repellent.

Dos this remedy really work? I will have to try this for myself.

Good one to note because after seeing a Six foot rattlesnake the other night, I feel the need to do something similar myself.

Seems easier to buy a small rifle and take out the semi-silent venomous mafia one by one until they are all gone.

I'm not here to hunt you but with kids and dogs it is a desperate situation that needs resolved as soon as possible. Poor little poisonous creatures.

The local Farmer's Market was great. It is filled with succulent Squash, canning Cucumbers almost the size of my forearm, and Lovely Vine Ripened Tomatoes the size of my fist.

I am still too nervous to go off exploring by myself as I have a rather bad tendency to get lost quickly and lose track of my direction. I don't really want to be treated like some dim witted tourist lost on vacation by the locals like I did at the other place..

I can't wait to explore Knoxville better since moving here from the West side of the State we didn't ever travel to this East side and it looks to be quite promising.

Our first week here I must have drank a metric ton of water. The taste of fresh well water is so much better than the chemical taste of City water.

And to be straightforward with you I wish I would never have to leave this place. And as an Aquarian I love being by the water.

No wonder so many people move near the water. There is a certain peace that you just can't find anywhere else.

Down at the Creek there is an ancient barn where there used to sit a Grecian Mill.

Standing there you can almost hear the voices of the people that used to live there.

Although you can't see much remaining there now, you can see what appears to have once been a woman's garden, now overturned with grasses, vines, and weeds of all sorts that suddenly sprouts in the Spring time into a blanket of yellow Daffodils.. Someone once took pride in planting those there. And that overgrown boxwood.

I could stay down there for hours exploring but by dark the wild animals start coming out looking for food and I don't want their food to end up being me so as it gets late in the afternoon I start to make my way back up the long trek home.

From out of nowhere, thunder rattles the ground like a drum and then suddenly large splashes of raindrops pelt the sides of my face. It is like that here. The wind grows so strong it almost blows me over as I pick up my pace.

Rain then surrounds me on all sides. I zigzag my way up the path as I look for any random displays of lightning. I already have an inward fear now escalating into almost panic. *Will I make it home in time?*

Give me a break okay because I was an overprotected child with a Mother that tended to do all of my thinking for me. I love being in the rain. I meander a little quicker now toward home. Do not want my final destination to be a muddy path back toward home.

The winds of change are beginning to blow again.

I am a changed person. I have been taking some inspirational courses and they are really working for me. I have found joy in the simplest of things and listen to what the wind has to tell me.

I am no longer a doubting Thomas but a Co-creator of my own reality.

I joined a site last year for people interested in changing their lives. I am committed to changing my life for the better. I no longer be satisfied with less or a lack mentality.

Joe Vitale has been a wonderful asset in my Spiritual progress. In his course The Missing Secret says Dare something worthy and act on it whenever you get an idea so that is exactly what I am going to do. That was the best money I ever spent!

Using the Hipono'pono process of cleaning and clearing I have changed my thoughts and my whole life around.

Someone once told me when I came here and I saw a pretty field and wanted to walk to it but a passing neighbor said that "You cannot get there from here" you have to drive down to the next road then go behind the field and walk to it because there was no way to cross the creek from this side.

Of course at the time this sounded crazy because I didn't see the creek in the way, to my untrained mind because why would I go two miles when I could just walk a block or two (or so I thought at the time.)

Am I willing to walk away from the easy distraction of getting there faster or did I want to take my time learning what I could about the terrain along the way? Tantra is like that.

You cannot get there by just studying sex. As I took the journey I felt all of my previous barriers being pushed away and when I arrived I embraced the beauty of the field with the youth of an innocent child exploring a puzzle for the very first time. Good things in life are worth the extra wait time.

Like with Tantra. I did not pursue it before I had to walk all the way around to get to where I am now.

And it is not uncommon here to be talking with someone privately in a room and have at least three other people join in the conversation before you are done and when you leave you can't even remember what you were originally talking about.

I have had this blog for Twelve Years now. Holy Cow. I am so glad it is finally coming together at last. No more pain and suffering. I have moved past it.

Ahhhh. Dinnertime. My favorite time of the day. Lobster bites with a Crab-cake and good old Dr. Pepper on the side. With moderate ice, just like I had ordered it.

The cold intensity of it on a blistery cold day soon rivals brain freeze. I am in love with the combinations of cold and hot.

I spend quiet days writing in my journal then go to work writing for other people. I design Newsletters and Magazines and get paid for it.

I love desktop publishing. I should have made it into a business years ago but was too busy working for the man to branch out on my own..

Winter has arrived and along with it the cold slumber. Everything is now gray with shady scales of brown. Even my favorite tulip trees have wilted and withered

and gone South for the Winter. Not even the Snakes come out in the Winter time. That's a good thing.

Occasionally I see a Turtle or a Beaver but they try to stay as far away as possible. Well, I have gotten myself a CT scan done and it found that I have not one but two abdominal hernias and a collapsed small intestine.

Go me! So all I want for Christmas is a darned good looking surgeon!

I finally have the ISBN number. In the meantime, Four of my friends have already turned their blogs into books. I am very happy for them. I have bought copies of my friend's books to show them my support for their endeavors. I am now daring something worthy with my life and with my writing.

Again I can't help thinking and silently praying for those poor turkeys that get shafted every year around this time. There has to be some mystical or spiritual meaning in that funny red thing on their heads. And how it feels strangely a lot like human skin.

I have spent endless hours/days/weeks/months on bed-rest but nothing takes the agony out of the hernia. The only thing that remotely helps is ice packs. It is hard to stand on my feet to cook so all of my cooking has fizzled out due to lack of ability to stand in one place for very long. Living on microwaved foods and jellos.

I wish there were more neighbors here that practiced wildlife conservation. It would sure make things more enjoyable in the Winter time because the local hunters really have no respect for anyone but themselves around here.

I can put up a barbed wire fence then in a week or so someone has toppled it down again. I don't put them up for my health,. I put them up to keep other people out and to protect the wildlife that lives on the property with us.

Looks like the hunters might have a problem with that. They tear the signs down and keep doing it.

I decided to try out some new fonts. Did I mention before how much I love this idailydiary.exe software for desktop use? It is a nifty little journaling program.

Today was one of those days that I wish I had more of.. Everything went swimmingly and I didn't hit my forehead opening the refrigerator and I didn't trip on a dog bone or spring my ankle walking out the door.

I didn't slip when going outside in the pouring rain and I didn't drop, spill, or loose anything at all including my keys! Thank God for Friday. There is a certain magic that comes along with Friday.

It was a nice relaxing day so I made fudge. Mind you I have never made fudge before but am an avid eater of it I found I can make it quite well. I love peanut butter in my fudge and nuts and other neat items. Oh yea. When fattening foods can no longer can kill you, I'm living on fudge! The yum value of it is off of the charts.

I have been trying to find a nice Author's website and have copied and pasted my info into so many now trying to get a feel of which one is right for me that all of cyberspace is going to be permanently scarred because of my website making pages.

Forty-Two is fast approaching. Dear God, soon I'll be Fifty. Then Sixty! Wait until we pass Seventy together, then your really gonna laugh. Will I still be blogging here on this site? *Probably*. If I am still alive that long. What do you think?

Speaking of funny things....

I saw a picture of an old friend the other day on his Myspace page and I just don't know which of us has more gray at this point.

The hilarious thing about watching your friends growing old and them watching you and at some point you are but didn't realize it until they say something to you about it and you just don't notice it as much with yourself as you do with them.

Which can then become not so funny anymore. The you notice the little things more and more.

It felt so good to get away from the house with some spending money. I created a new 2010 vision board and started getting some goals ready for the new year.

John 8:32 says The truth that sets you free is that you can experience in imagination what you desire to experience in reality, and by maintaining this experience in imagination, your desire will become an actuality.

One of my goals is keeping my mind positive and clear.

I went to the book store. I bought book two to Under The Tuscan Sun called Bella Tuscany. Is there anything better than books that involve travel and food?

Aside from Romance I can't think of anything. These books make me want to go out and buy all the newest kitchen gadgets to use in my kitchen.

I have started doing all of my large cooking at night while I sleep in the crock pot. I have always been a kind of fix it and forget it kind of gal.

Did I fail to mention that I purchased some goldfish in varying sizes that are totally lovable? They are so cute. They even swim after me as I pass them by.

While on Facebook this evening I discovered that one of my 9th Grade friends died before Graduation in 1986.

I can't believe it. I still lived in the town then and didn't even know. Never saw it in the paper or had any friends mention it to me in passing. Maybe they didn't know either.

He was a good friend ever since our first class together. Occasionally, when he would look at me, my mind wandered instead of staying focused on the topic of science.. I was more focused on anatomy at the time.

I tried as much as I could to think of other things that year but try as I might my mind just kept wandering back to those days in science class. He was so outgoing.

The whole classroom lit up with light every time he entered in it and there was a sweetness and beauty, and gentility in him.

I have found love. I am in a relationship with *myself*. And I am *deeply* in love. I saw someone post this on their Facebook status and I thought it was cute and it makes perfect sense to me to share it as well.

Well, Spring has brought a lot of changes. In the taste of sweetness I found a lot of friends from school I have left behind when I move out of Florida.

I found some of the children that I used to babysit when they were little and they have grown into beautiful young adults. Some with children of their

own. This makes me so happy. It shows that not all of my time there was wasted.

I have found family I didn't know that I had and I found a past friendship that was very special to me while growing up. We are almost to my happy ending.

Since writing this blog, Four of my friends have written books using their blogs. I am so proud of them!

What a lovely Morning it is today. I love days that are filled with sweet smells and sunshine. Looking at some of Mom's poetry. We should combine it and make another book together.

This morning early I went for a small walk and ran into the baby deer. This year we are blessed with a Buck. He already has the soft fuzz of youth sprawled about his small antlers.

He likes to come in the Evening time and eat the corn and sweet feed mixture that I place out of them in the blanket of lush green blanket of grass and clover toward the back.

Usually as I walk back to the house I am bombarded by butterflies not paying attention to where they are flying and bump into me repeatedly. Sometimes it happens with large carpenter's bees as well. They just like to follow me around a lot of the time when I'm outside.

I am so big compared to their smallness that it seems like they don't hardly see me at all.

Almost as if I am a figment of their imagination or something. I guess I don't fit in to their version of reality. Much like a ghost.

Usually in the mornings there is a dense fog coming off of the water that gave Tennessee the name The Great Smokey Mountains.

It actually isn't smoke at all or smog but a thick fog that when mixed with the moisture of the dew on the damp ground creates a sort of haze.

Totally unrelated in comparison to smog, which is drier in nature and doesn't really evaporate that much over time like the way that fog does.

Once you arrive here you never want to leave. And when I die it will be fine if you just scatter my ashes in the back yard because that's how much I love it here. The water, as with the Ocean, evokes something almost primal inside of me. What is it that makes me love it so and always want to be in the water, like a true Aquarian.

A few night's ago I woke to a suffocating feeling, the same one I have gotten at night, almost every night since my accident back in 2005. I wake up almost in a

panic with a smothered feeling, like someone is trying to hurt me in my sleep. My body gets stiff and weak in this embryonic state.

My heart beats fast and defensive like a birds after chasing a hawk away from its nest. My first Doctor after the accident called this Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. And aside from a nerve pill he never told me how to fix it.

I have been doing work on my subconscious for years trying to cure it and so it is still a work in progress.

I am trying biofeedback to see if it will help. So far so good. The Persimmon trees are almost ripe, as well as the five acres of Blackberries we will need to pick in several more weeks. A few hours later we are on our way in the Minivan to pick up fish food for the Algae eater.

I awoke late this morning to Urban Chaos right in my own living room. The family was in a tizzy because I got some much needed rest and wasn't up with the crows to make them some breakfast.

What I wouldn't give to snap my fingers or wiggle my nose and a beautifully designed gourmet meal appears from out of no where to now here..

Realigning my thoughts with what I want instead of worrying about what has happened to me in the past (what I don't want any more of) and my family has been a big part in the lack of cooperation from the universe with their 'galloping gloomy' as my mentor says. As a family, we need more of what works and less of what doesn't.

Allow, allow, allow, so I have also created a big vision board in the kitchen for the whole family to focus and work on. This is helping the family learn as we go.

Today is one of those days when the peaceful sound of falling rain gently tapped on the rooftop all night creating a calmness this morning that is so serene. Nice after a completely crazy two weeks.

The family and I have started working together on co-creating and we have found a lovely motor home so that sometimes on weekends we can camp out and for the first time in Twelve years actually focus on taking a real vacation.

It has a full bedroom with bed, a cute bathroom, a shower with tub across the hall, a kitchen, stove, microwave, fridge, plenty of shelf space, sleeper sofa and plenty of room inside for the family to roam.

Not trying to bring myself back upstream because I like flowing down stream with the current.

I am trying to feel better this week, white blood cells have dropped again and I have spent the week in bed because of it.

Didn't purposely let myself go down hill or anything but just got ran down during a very stressful month

filled with things that needed to be done plus back to school for my daughter and it has wore me down physically and mentally. So this week is about resting, getting more sleep and watching hilarious movies in bed while I recover and re-boost my immune system.

I created a mind map to try and help me focus on getting some things done. I use mind maps the way other people use to-do lists.

I can see my life so healthy and filled with energy. I can see my body going through each of the belly dancing movements with ease. I can see my books selling on Amazon.

Sat Nam fellow travelers!

I have been receiving healing treatments from a well known healer and it seems to e working.

I felt a really warm and remarkable bright light.

My Kundalini has awakened at last. My whole body grew warm from the internal flame being lit. After ward it became hard to sleep at night due to the amount of energy flowing through my head.

Now I seem to be writing in my sleep and have written 6,500 words in as little as a few days from the things I have been told to write about while resting.

It is a book about Healing from the Divine for women and why women in particular need Blessings, Deeksha and Shaktipat initiations.

After this happened while in Meditation I saw a few things that were happening to others around me. I saw my Ex Boyfriend hit his head against the bathroom sink and his nose started bleeding profusely which led up to a few other very serious health problems. I woke up feeling icky wondering if something health wise is actually going on with him right now.

While reading the Yoga Sutras of Patanjali I was meditating on PADA 1 SUTRA 28 *which is From Ascension on OM, its purpose is Born*. I saw my own death and I wasn't afraid of it anymore.

I am finding some quiet time alone after a long grueling day of harvesting rose hips with my daughter. She just turned Nine so I figure that it is time to start teaching her how to make medicinals, syrups, tinctures, and elixirs.

We had a great time and a new cat in the neighborhood found its way to where we were working and stopped long enough to say hello to us. It was a pretty tabby with a big collar and a large bell which royally annoyed our local farm birds.

They wouldn't leave the poor little thing alone for anything. Even as it left the yard I could still hear the

family of birds growling at it from the nearby trees.

I went to the creek looking for some Deer Tongue plant but still no luck. No Nettles and no Deer Tongue. *sigh* These two things have always been my livelihood and it is so unlikely to not find them near the water's edge.

A few of my other favorites are Oatstraw, Red Clover, Elderberry, Echinacea. Here we have been digging out the packed away blankets only to find one night is freezing cold and the next is still quite warm so it has been off again and on again for a week straight.

Currently we are expecting snow tonight and it is raining and freezing at the same time. I feel the cold in my bones. I hear it whispering and howling to me from around the window sills. Hissing at me and taunting me to stop right now. Don't go on a moment further. But I have done it! I have stuck to my guns and finished not one but two novels for the month of NANOWRIMO. And its black heart of exhaustion and muck and mire of time restraints.

I am so proud of myself I could send myself cigars, flowers, candy, balloons and male strippers because I never finish anything! This is a first. I always get

halfway and something takes me away from what I am doing, then I lose my interest.

This year I couldn't let anything stop me. I realized at the halfway point when I started lagging that I had to keep going. I'd like to thank chocolate and coffee for all of my hard work!

I sometimes grinned and bared it.

How did I do it you ask? well I very seldom left the computer and lived mostly on chocolate and coffee or whatever was cooked by the family or someone/anyone other than myself the whole month long.

I can't say that I plan on doing the whole novel in a month thing for a second year in a row next year but who knows. I may change my mind at the last minute.

The death of past hopes and dreams:
I feel heartsick. For me, today, time literally stood still. My heart dropped into my stomach, I started crying, and I became numb all over from the terrible news.

A walking, eating, not sleeping, zombie. I received the heartbreaking news that Mitch had died suddenly of brain cancer several days ago. The numbness crept in through my heart and like a dark foreboding shadow creeps through the rest of me like the cold on a winter's day.

It is hard-no- almost impossible for me to believe that he is really gone from this earth. I went to Mass and prayed a special prayer “Will you take care of him and be good to him for me Lord? Please take care of him.”

He was my first teen boyfriend and I will always love him. It was hard enough to lose him the first time. I loved him as a wife loved her husband. I loved him the only way that I knew how. Had his family not stopped us when I was too young to do anything about it or I would have a grandchild right now as a lasting presence of him to ease this pain.

I can never get those years or that child back from them. At least he died sticking to his laurels of not ever getting married or ever having kids.

But a man is nothing without a child to carry on his legacy. What makes people like him distance themselves from the human race and want to die alone without children of their own? I wish I knew the answer to question.

His niece asked if I was coming to his funeral but I couldn't bare to see his mother without wanting to slap her face off of her head for stopping our family from being born.

She killed all of my hopes and dreams from coming true as a young lady.

Not only do I morn him but I also mourn the life that we got cheated out of because of her having to control his every waking moment. I can't just walk up to her and say "Hi dream killer, how's it going?"

I am thankful for the opportunity that I knew him and to love him. His name is carved in my heart.

During the bad times that we got tired of one another saw other people and had other distractions and fought sometimes but those people and things were so small in comparison to the other times we had together.

I only wish it had been enough for us. I wish he had done the right thing by me and married me after our twenty years together.

I should be raising our grandchildren right now but I am writing these words instead.

This book is the only thing I have to show for all of that time with him. Twenty years of nothing.

You know what they say... If he hasn't married you by the end of five years he's not going to.

I never used to believe this but now I do. I'd never let a friend go through that. And especially not a daughter.

And I would never let my daughter be in a relationship where she isn't valued for the wonderful and loving person that she is. I would never control my son the way she did him.

He should have been allowed to make his own choices.

Jackson said that he understands what I am going through but clearly he does not.

In fact he has been the rudest SOB to me ever since I found out. Does he think I can just put it all behind me like Mitch never existed at all?

Twenty years is a long time to be with someone that is stuck in the same attitude about not getting married.

It is the little things that make a relationship tick. Like patience and understanding. Which I have seen that I have lost not one of them but both of them during this misnomer.

When Jackson saw how much I missed Mitch he knew that love was real. We each have our own growing to do.

Sometimes it's not always together. As for Mitch I always tried to fit in and measure up with him but I couldn't really. I went ice skating and bit the wall ending up black and blue all over just trying to keep up with him because of his competitive nature.

I went swimming and nearly drowned in the deep end just to follow him out there. *I would have followed him anywhere.*

I am thankful for the blessing of being with him. He is the end of *our* story. There's nothing else to it. And I am at the beginning of my new one.

Where will it lead me? I'm scared. It takes a lot of courage to move on alone.

After finding out I became sick and went to bed and stayed there. I canceled my online accounts and went completely off grid while I mourned.

Right before doing so I saw some of his old flames speak their final words of devotion for him as well in his memory book proving he didn't just belong to me.

He couldn't just belong to me even though I craved it so much in our relationship. Instead, he belonged to everyone that knew him.

Like a library, or a museum of natural history, everyone owned a little piece of him and took more of him every day.

He made the world shine a little brighter because he was in it. He made my light shine brighter while I was with him.

Death might have ended his physical life but not my image of our friendship. I came away from this relationship with a whole new way of looking at my life and the people that I love in my life.

I think about it now as I read their final words to him.

Each and every one of these women that loved him had something special and ornate about them, some deeply distinct quality that I myself did not possess nor could I replicate in the way that they did when growing up.

And yet he chose me anyway.

Memories I had long forgotten came racing through my mind like a whirlwind. Bringing it all back to me. Memories of both joy and pain. Of both happiness and sorrow. Of both love and of loss. There is no Yin without Yang. Sometimes there is no silver lining.

Friends and acquaintances say they knew he had cancer for years. Why didn't they tell me?

Why didn't he tell me? They say it is because they **assumed** that I already known. **No I didn't know!**

That is the tragedy of being in the dark about this whole thing.

And of course his family wouldn't tell me. Why would they? They disliked me almost as much as I disliked them except for three of them.

I wanted to pick up the phone and call him to see if it was a lie. It had to be. He couldn't be gone from this world. He just couldn't be. He was so strong. How

could this have happened to him? How could he have just given up? He never quit at anything before. Why this?

Why didn't he just tell me he was sick? I would have helped him any way that I could have, I would have came back down to take care of him. I knew cancer specialists at the Cancer Center here that worked wonders on my tumor.

Maybe they could have helped him too. Or any other healing modality. Acupressure? Acupuncture? Anything else that could have been done to save his life or to extend it in some way.

I have spent the better part of a month in bed. My first love is gone. Haven't eaten or slept well. His family said I didn't care about him, I want to bitch slap them right now. They have no idea how I feel knowing it was them that killed all of our hopes and dreams of a family together.

Dream and baby killers. That's what they are.

Succubi. Like a bad episode of Jersey Shore that you're stuck living in day after day with people you can't stand.

Mourning the reality that love doesn't always end the way we want it to. It's doubly painful and the scars run deep.

White hot tears of anger. I have to let go of the painful baggage that has been weighing my heart down.

Over the years I have changed my belief in love.
Sometimes the holy spirit just has to intervene in
order for us to see what we really have. And no
longer expecting a certain outcome.

All I feel is love. All I see is love. There is no
separation between myself and the beloved because
the beloved is me.
I see miracles in everything I do.

When I connect to the holy spirit I feel connected to
the whole universe and all I have to do is just show
up and accept the assignment.

Ego releases the need to judge others that have judged
me in the past. When I see everyone as divine beings
of light I can count on spirit to have my back.

I forgive the past and the people that have hurt me
because they were assignments that I accepted at the
time, so that spirit can guide me forward in my life.
And when I need help I call on spirit to help me.

Spirit shows me every day that I am called here to be
a light worker in this lifetime to help others.

In my past I have seen people try to crush love.
Extinguish it because they can. Have power and
dominance over it and the ones in love.

But life isn't about how much control you can have over another person or over two young people in love. It isn't about crushing new love just because you might have some sort of control or power over it.

Life is about nurturing love. Showing young lovers how to be in love and how to love properly so they don't get hurt.

Growing up I had all of my own ideas about life and about my future and my plans didn't fit into someone else's ideals of every woman being a waitress, cook, or a nurse because that's all we can do. Wrong! We can do so much more! I say why limit ourselves under a label such as "Nurse" or "cook" when we are free to choose our own life path?

My goodbye letter to him:

Dear Mitch,

Thank you for entering my life when you did. Thank you for teaching me about the joy and the hardships of life. Thank you for teaching me about love and also about what true heartache is.

Thank you for giving me the help and courage to let you go find your own happiness and allowing me to go find mine.

*Thank you for releasing me from our bond so I could
have a child because you knew how much I wanted
one. And I know how much you didn't.
My daughter is my everything.
You would have liked her and been so proud of her. I
am.*

*I wish that things would have been different for us. I
wish we could have raised our grandchildren
together. It hurts so much knowing you are not here.*

Thank you for understanding and staying my friend.

*May you find the peace with our child in heaven that
you couldn't find here on earth. I know how happy it
will be to see you. It has waited a long time to meet
you. You meant so much to me. I will never forget
you.*

I miss you. I will always love you.

Eva

I am allowing myself to be okay with my feelings
now. The leaves lie dormant now on the ground in
lovely deep red and brown heaps. Little souls
departing from the tree and coming to sleep on the
forest floor just below my feet.

While we all say goodbye to Summer. The sun is
casting a low shadow in the sky, giving me the rare
opportunity to look at it without blinding my eyes
from it's brightness..

This sunset signals the last sunset of summer. It is almost Fall. Fall comes so quick in the Mountains. Hay bales, football games, pumpkins. Almost Halloween as well. Time passes so quickly. In the blink of an eye I am going to be old.

More sunsets will come and go but this one remains different because it represents the end of the season in my life that was filled with fun and laughter growing up with those friends.

For me it represents change and the end of another chapter in my life. The end of a twenty year friendship. It makes me sound so old now doesn't it?

I don't blame Mitch for what he did. Some decisions can't be taken back. He was a good man and I loved him.

Not a day goes by that I don't think of him and all of the memories we once made together.

Our crazy vacations. Long Sunday afternoon car rides. Our fishing trips.

Our racing nights. And our weekend trips to the beach. The time the tire blew out on the motorcycle and almost scared us both half to death on the long dirt road before cell phones were ever created.

The nights we sat home singing karaoke together and just watching television until late into the night.

Those were the most fun memories of my life. I get a rush of energy and of gratitude when I think back to

those times. We get hurt and we heal. We hurt others and they heal.

It is the process of growing up.

When we realize there is more to life than sex or drugs we connect to spirit and it leads us lovingly home.

Eight months later another close friend I knew while growing up died. He was Mitch's good friend.

It again happened suddenly and without any prior warning in advance to prepare any of us for it..

So soon after the passing of Mitch. I can't believe it.

Another one of my personal heroes is now gone from this world and he will be dearly missed as well.

I thank them both for reminding me how much fun life was.

What is love but the happiness, faith, and joy that we have in another person that we care for.

The glow of their smile when they look at us through kind, loving, and compassionate eyes. When they see us as important in the relationship.

Some people come into our lives and tell us all of the things that we can't do.

Like Mitch's mother. And some people come into our lives and show us the miracles that we can work by believing in us completely.

Life is about finding this spirit connection and making those miracles happen.

And as I put away the books *Pride and Prejudice* and *Les' Miserables* for the millionth time back on my book shelf where I know they will always be safe right here with me,

I know in my heart that true love might be out there somewhere looking for me. But I know that it lives inside of me now and it always has.

There are many different types of love.

Not just the relationship kind of love but real love because the world is a kind and loving universe if that is what we choose to see.

Sure we could see it as cold and cruel with wars and fighting but wouldn't seeing it through eyes of love be more fun?

I didn't feel complete until I felt the presence of God in my life.

I hope each of you has a chance to connect with spirit in some small way. It will really change your life for the better.

Thank you most ardently to the memory of my literary love heroes of Jane Austen, Victor Hugo, Rumi, and Hafiz. You helped me believe in a power even greater than love.

After all, what is love but a good book, a warm cup of tea, and a comfortable place in which to read it.

Are all these things not also a form of love and devotion? For every time we pick them up and read the prose such as Heart beneath the stone, the tale of Cosette and Marius, of Jean Valjean and his redemption, and of Elizabeth and Darcy we fall in love with our heroes and heroines all over again.

It is in our love for a hero that they become immortal. It is in our loving that we ourselves become immortal. Our heart mingles and dances with the writer's heart and we praise God for having known them if only for a time through their words. When we learn to write, and to love we aim to be like them. We set our sights high then reality sometimes lowers them for us a bit.

THINGS MITCH TAUGHT ME ABOUT BELIEF

1. I can live my dreams.
2. My dreams are possible to achieve.
3. No matter what anybody else says that is mean to me or about me I am always free to decide my future.
4. My career is as good as I choose to make it.
5. Life is easy for me. It is also fun.
6. I can choose to accept tribal beliefs as truth or I can find my own truth within me.

7. Writing is a legitimate job that pays great money if you keep writing.
8. I choose to accept positive experiences in my life.
9. I am in the driver's seat of my life.
10. The Universe supports me and gives me everything that I need and want.

THINGS BYRON TAUGHT ME ABOUT BELIEF

1. Be the best you can be at what you do.
2. Never give up on what you believe in.
3. If people don't like you or what you do then fuck'um
4. Look at everyone you see with love.
5. Uncover your fears and face them head on.
6. Your health lies in your own hands. Don't waste it.

7. Enjoy new traditions with your family every year.
8. Use the resources that are available to you.
9. Be comfortable in your own skin.
10. Home is the central hub of your life. Make it enjoyable.

FINAL PROLOGUE

You have walked a mile in my shoes and have journeyed with me through this fun endeavor called life.

God has given me some very treasured things in exchange for the losses that I have experienced.

He has given me good friends and soul nurturing connections.

A roof over my head. A family of my own, and he has given me love. Which is the greatest gift of all.

Dear reader you have my endless love and gratitude. May you witness your own healing, growth, and change in your life. May you be blessed with an endless supply of love and gratitude.

I'll see you in blogland.

Eva Ladyhawk Wright- September 2012

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Eva Ladyhawk Wright currently lives in the beautiful Mountains of Tennessee with her family, her rescue pets, native wildlife, and her flock of chickens.

She teaches Reiki and Meditation circles, and is currently working on her next book which is a healing book for women.

And she is happy.

Very very happy.